

# THE CRITIC

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### NOTICE.

On Saturday, February 28th, 1846, THE CRITIC was enlarged, from 24 to 32 pages, making it the LARGEST LITERARY JOURNAL IN EUROPE. Back numbers, to complete sets, may be had, or Vols. I. and II. may be had, handsomely bound, price only 10s. each.

### JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

#### HISTORY.

*A History of New South Wales, from its Settlement to the Close of the Year 1844.* By T. H. BRAIM, Esq. Principal of Sydney College, N. S. W. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE history of the Colony of New South Wales is a short but instructive one. It is the history of a Society formed of materials unlike any that the world has seen before, and when the character of those materials is considered, astonishment will be felt that the results have not proved more disastrous. In a nation of criminals, and the immediate descendants of criminals, we should have looked for a society in which vice was the ruling power, virtue despised and oppressed, life insecure, property impossible, religion ridiculed, and morality unknown. But it is not so. New South Wales has, upon the whole, as much goodness, and as little vice as any other colony, and in the elements of prosperity it abounds.

This bears out an observation often asserted, that criminals are more frequently made such by circumstances than by any natural tendencies to crime. Want urges, or bad companions allure, or they are trained to crime in early youth. Certain it is, that when removed from the circumstances that made them criminals a very large proportion of them become decent members of society, and not only respect law and order themselves, but enforce the obedience of others.

The history of New South Wales forms but a portion of this work; a considerable space is devoted to geographical, political, and statistical details. The most novel and interesting particulars are those collected by Mr. BRAIM, relative to the aborigines, to whom he has paid particular attention, feeling, no doubt, that in a few years they will be extinct, and then a record of a

past race will be greatly valued. To this, therefore, we will limit the few extracts we purpose to make; and first for

#### THE LANGUAGE OF THE NATIVES.

Their letters are, A, B, E, I, K, L, M, N, Ng, O, P, R, T, U, W, Y. The vowels a, e, i, o, u, are thus sounded: A as a in far; e as e in where; i as e in England; o is pronounced as in the English word 'no'; u as cool. When two vowels meet together, they must be pronounced distinctly, as niu-wo-a.

*Diphthongs.*—ai rhymes with eye, asko-lai, wood; au with cow, as nau-wai, a canoe; tu with pew, as niu-wo-a, he.

*Consonants.*—B is pronounced as in the English words *be, crab*; D as heard in *deed*, if used at all; K as in *king, kirk*; L as in *lord, ell*; M as in *man, embark*; N as in *num, no*; Ng is peculiar to the language, as sounds in *ring, bung*, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a word; P as in *pea, pip, pipe*; R as in *rogue, rough, Rome*; whenever used, it cannot be pronounced too roughly; when double, each letter must be heard distinctly; T as heard in *tea*; W as in *war*; Y as in *yard*.

Compare with the mythology of Greece this rude

#### NATIVE MYTHOLOGY.

Ko-in, Tip-pa-kál, and Pórráng, is the three-fold name of an imaginary evil being among the natives. They say he was always black as he is now; that he resembles themselves, and resides in thick bushes and jungles, making his appearance mostly by night. In general, they think he precedes the coming of natives from distant parts, when they assemble to celebrate certain mysteries, as knocking out the tooth in a mystic ring, or when performing some dance. He appears painted with pipe-clay, and carries a fire-stick in his hand; but generally it is the doctors—a kind of magicians—who alone perceive him, to whom he says, "Fear not; come and talk." At other times, they say, when they are asleep, he comes and takes them up, as an eagle his prey, and carries them away. The shout of the terrified ones who are left occasions him to drop his prey; otherwise he conveys them to his fire-place in the bush, where he deposits his load close by the fire. The person carried off tries to cry out, but cannot, feeling himself almost choked: at day-light Koin disappears, and the black finds himself conveyed safely to his own fire-side.

Tippa-kal-lé-un, Mail-kun, Bim-poin, are the names of the wife of Koin. She is a much more terrific being than her husband, whom the blacks do not dread, because he does not kill them; but this female being not only carries off the natives in a large bag-net beneath the earth, but she spears the

children through the temple dead, and no one ever sees again those whom she obtains.

Ko-yo-ró-wen, the name of another imaginary being. His trill in the bush frequently alarms the blacks by night. When he overtakes a native, he commands him to exchange cudgels, giving his own, which is extremely large, and desiring the black to take a first blow at his head, which he holds down for that purpose, after which he smiles and kills the person with one blow, skewers him with the cudgel, carries him off, roasts, and then eats him.

Kur-ri-wilbán. The name of his wife; she has a long horn on each shoulder growing upward, with which she pierces the aborigines, and then shakes herself until they are impaled on her shoulders, when she carries them to the deep valley, roasts and eats her victims. She does not kill the women, they being always taken by her husband for himself.

Pat-ti-kán, another imaginary being, like a horse, having a large mane and tail, sharp like a cutlass. Whenever he meets the blacks, they go towards him, and draw up their lips to shew that the tooth is knocked out, when he will not injure them; but should the tooth be left in, he runs after, kills, and eats them. He does not walk, but bounds like a kangaroo; the noise of which on the ground is as the report of a gun, calling out as he advances "Pir-ro-lóng, pirro-lóng!"

To this let us add a sketch of

#### NATIVE SUPERSTITIONS.

Yu-lung is the name of the ring in which the tooth is knocked out. The trees near the ring are marked with rude representations of locusts, serpents, &c. on the bark, chopped with an axe, and similitudes of the nests of various quadrupeds are formed on the ground near the spot. They dance for several days, every morning and evening, continuing the whole of the night; no women are allowed to join in the ceremony.

Mur-ro-kun, the name of a mysterious bone, which is obtained by the Ka-rá-kul, a doctor or conjuror, three of whom sleep on the grave of a recently interred corpse, where in the night, during their sleep, the dead person inserts a mysterious bone into each thigh of the three doctors, who feel the puncture not more severe than that of the sting of an ant! The bones remain in the flesh of the doctors, without any inconvenience to them, until they wish to kill any person, when, by unknown means, it is said and believed, they destroy in a supernatural manner their ill-fated victim by the mysterious bone, causing it to enter into their bodies, and so occasion their death!

Múr-a-mai. The name of a round ball, about the size of a cricket-ball, which the aborigines carry in a small net suspended from their girdles of opossum yarn. The women are not allowed to see the internal part of the ball; it is used as a talisman against sickness, and it is sent from tribe to tribe for hundreds of miles on the sea-coast, and in the interior; one was shewn to the Rev. Mr. Threlkeld (from whom this account, with much other most interesting information, is derived), privately in his study, the black betraying considerable anxiety lest any female should see the contents. After unrolling many yards of woollen cord, made from the fur of the opossum, the contents proved to be a quartz-like substance of the size of a pigeon's egg. The natives allowed Mr. Threlkeld to break it, and retain a part. It is transparent like white sugar-candy. They swallow the small crystalline particles which crumble off as a preventive of sickness. It scratches glass, and does not effervesce with acids. From another specimen, the stone appears to be agate of a milky hue, semi-pellucid, and strikes fire.

Nung-ngún, a song. There are poets among them who compose songs which are sung and danced to by their own tribe in the first place, after which other tribes learn the song and dance, which itinerates from tribe to tribe throughout the country, until, from a change of dialect, the very words are not understood by distant blacks.

Yár-ro, literally an egg; but mystically, to the initiated ones, it means fire or water. By this term, in asking for either element, the fraternity discover themselves to each other. Their name for women is kun-nai-ka-rá, when the tooth is knocked out of the men, and themselves are called yi-ra-bar, previous to which they are styled ko-ru-mun. The ceremony of initiation takes place every three or four years, as young lads arrive at the age of puberty, when mystic rings are made in the

woods, and numerous ridiculous ceremonies are gone through, before the operation of displacing the tooth in the upper jaw, which is effected by three steady blows with a stout punch, from the hand of the ka-rá-kul, after which the youths may seize a woman, and engage in their fights.

As a trait of native industry, and the manner of taking a valuable natural product of the country, let us, in conclusion, extract the author's account of

#### WILD HONEY GATHERING.

Wild honey, or, as the natives call it, "choogar bag," is collected by a small stingless bee, not so large as the common fly. The honey-nest is generally found at the summit of remarkably high trees. When the lynx-eyed native discovers it from below, there he will stand, with his head up, making a dead point at it until it is attained by his gin, who immediately begins with a small tomahawk, and by a rapid action of the wrist, to cut a notch in the bark of the tree, large enough for her great toe to rest upon. Winding her left arm round the body of the tree, she adroitly raises herself to this notch, and there rests the ball of the great toe of the right foot. She then cuts a notch above her head, and quickly ascends to this; so on in like manner until she reaches the dizzy height to which she is directed from below, exhibiting throughout the most astonishing stretch and pliancy of limb, and the most wonderful absence of all fear of danger. She recklessly advances towards the extremity of a fragile bough which appears ready to break. If she can reach the honey, she seizes it, and places it in a sort of calabash slung round her neck, at the same time holding her hatchet in her mouth. Where she finds it impracticable to reach the honey, she cuts off the branch, which, with its mellifluous appendage, falls to the ground at the feet of her sable lord, who stands below. The honey is of delicious flavour, after it has been carefully separated from the comb, the cells of which are generally filled with small flies. The natives, however, devour it just as they find it, and are very fond even of the refuse comb, with which they make their favourite beverage called "bull," and of this they drink till they become quite intoxicated.

*The Theocratic Philosophy of English History: being an attempt to impress upon History its true Genius and real Character, &c.* By the Rev. J. D. SCHOMBERG, B.A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. In 2 vols. London, Whittaker and Co.; Leicester, Brown and Co.

If this had been of recent publication, we should have considered that an elaborate notice was due to the importance and interest of the subject to which it is devoted. But it appeared so long ago as the year 1842; and although it never chanced to fall in our way before, it has already passed the ordeal of criticism; and to enter upon a formal review of it now would be to establish an inconvenient precedent, and to subject our readers to the risk of repetition of familiar topics when they are looking for novelty.

The design of this history is admirable. It is to view it as a whole—to survey it in outline,—and to endeavour thus to trace the development of the actual course of Providence in the particular events. Citing an article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author thus describes the idea of the work:—"If the world shall ever become virtuous enough to deserve a development of the actual course of Providence in the affairs of nations, a new light may be thrown on the whole aspect of history. Events remote, trivial, and obscure, may be found to have been the origin of the greatest transactions. A chain of circumstances may be traceable round the globe, and while the short-sightedness of the worldly politician deems the catastrophe complete and closed, its operation may be but more secretly extending, to envelope a still larger space, and to explode with a more dazzling and tremendous noise."

Mr. SCHOMBERG has carried out this design with considerable ability. Many of his views are remarkable for boldness and originality; and although we cannot

accede to all his conclusions, we must admit that he employs great ingenuity in the accumulation of evidence to maintain his positions, and the skill of a clever advocate in annulling whatever tells against him. His composition is well adapted to his theme. It is terse and vigorous; the sentences short, the language a pure English; he presents his rapid pictures in few words, and even as a condensed outline of English history it may be read and referred to with profit.

We close these volumes with an impression of great respect for the author, whom we hope to meet again where his genius may find equal scope for its exercise, and with the added advantage of the experience always to be gathered from age and study, and which to such a mind as that of Mr. SCHOMBERG, could never be offered in vain.

#### BIOGRAPHY.

*Lives of the Kings of England, from the Norman Conquest.* By THOMAS ROSCOE, Esq. Vol. I. Colburn.

THE idea of this work was evidently suggested by Miss STRICKLAND's "Lives of the Queens." But the success of the one does not argue the success of the other. Of the Queens history had informed us little; for the most part they did not concern themselves in public affairs, and therefore the historian, who was dealing with royal personages only as they were associated with national events, very properly passed them by with a simple acknowledgment of the dates of their marriages and deaths. Miss STRICKLAND consequently added to our stores of information by collecting the materials relating to the private lives of the Queens neglected by the historian, and framing from them biographies which interest for the light they throw upon the people and manners of the times to which they belong.

But it is different with *The Lives of the Kings*. They have been already made the property of history, and every thing that concerns them, even their private sayings and doings, are considered sufficiently to affect the public to require that they should have a place in any record of their times. Mr. Roscoe's undertaking has, therefore, been anticipated.

But if this is a specimen of the work, what will be its length? If the most distant biography occupies an entire volume, into how many tomes will the entire thirty of the Kings of England extend themselves? They will indeed "stretch to the crack of doom;" the very contemplation is frightful!

For these reasons we cannot think that Mr. Roscoe has been happy in the choice of a subject. This first volume will, we suspect, be the last. He has laboured diligently, but he cannot fight against the obstacles to success. The materials were wanting to furnish much that is new relating to the Conqueror, and historians have already done ample justice to the records that can alone be relied upon.

One of the best passages is Mr. Roscoe's general view of the policy of the Conqueror.

Next to the establishment of the feudal power, that of a strict system of police was the object of William's earliest attention. Instead of the effective self-government introduced by the great Alfred and his successors throughout the districts and hundreds, by means of the resident authorities in local courts, he aimed at substituting for it the feudal sway of the barons, under the military suzerainty so favourable to the centralizing power of the Crown. Such a police, as experienced in Normandy, had its advantages in curbing the military and feudal license, especially of the minor barons and their satellites, and in preserving the public peace. So ably and successfully did he administer it for some period after his accession, that travellers and individuals, we are told, of every rank, might traverse the country with safety from end to end. While productive, however, of some collateral benefits, this system

was subject to great abuse, tainted as it was with the inherent vice of general and absolute as distinct from local and restricted rule, such as had obtained under the Anglo-Saxon kings. Its dangerous tendency under the control of the Crown was first shown by the illegal arrest of the Earl of Gloucester, and the confiscation, by royal edict, of all his estates, which were declared forfeited to the Crown. This violent and despotic act, to which we have before alluded, is believed to have been promoted by Matilda, in a spirit of fierce hatred and revenge that has few parallels. In the first year of William's reign, says the chronicle, Matilda obtained from her lord the grant of all Brithric Meaw's lands and honours, and she then caused the unfortunate Saxon to be seized at his manor of Hamlye, and removed to Winchester, where he is said to have died in prison, and to have been privately buried. The allegation alone, without strong corroborative proofs, of a crime of so dark a dye, would not readily have obtained credit with posterity, but, unfortunately for the reputation of the princess, who perpetrated it in the hour of triumph and prosperity, it is left too apparent, too glaring, upon the page of contemporary history to admit of a moment's doubt. This daring and flagitious deed—perpetrated so soon after William's accession, the moment he felt himself firmly seated upon his throne, and well supported by his military tenures and his new police—naturally revolted or terrified the English, who had relied upon the pledges taken at his coronation, and upon his previous mild deportment towards the barons and the princes of the Anglo-Saxon line. A few of the most politic, taking the alarm, and anticipating the evils to come, threw up their offices, sold their estates, and retired to foreign lands, where, in no long time, they were joined by numbers of their less wary countrymen, stripped of all they possessed. The stern discipline of William's secret police was exceeded only by that of his army, which he had strongly reinforced, and of his great feudal vassals, from whom the military chain descended, binding in a stricter grasp as it approached the lower links. The mask once thrown aside, the Conqueror no longer affecting the moderation or the deportment of a limited monarch, prepared in good earnest to carry on the war against the people, and to retain by military policy that which he had won by the sword. Still it seemed to be his object that no one should confiscate their property, and oppress or destroy them, but himself. He expressed his anxiety to restrain the excesses of his great vassals and other subordinate authorities, as if jealous of participation, and apprehensive that the spoils of the English as a nation would be divided too fast. While he thus gradually extended his sovereignty, and governed his nobles with a more vigorous sway than any feudal prince or chief in Europe, he appears also to have calculated upon those insurrections of an oppressed people, which would enable him to enlarge and consolidate his royal prerogatives, and hold the same unlimited sway over the people as he soon exercised over the great councils of the state. The conquest, in this sense, so far from being the result of one battle or of a single campaign, involved a war against the superior character, power, and freedom inherent in the Anglo-Saxon monarchy and institutions, which William in vain attempted to eradicate or to subdue.

*The Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century.* By THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE. Dublin, 1846: Duffy.

A CONTRIBUTION to Mr. DUFFY's "Library of Ireland," a series of remarkably cheap publications, most of them original productions, relating to the people, the history, and the literature of Ireland. In his preface the author informs us that the seventeenth century was one of conflict, discussion and advancement; but in Ireland it was one of clamour and confusion, and therefore not productive of names eminent in the slow and laborious studies, or the Inductive Sciences, or the Fine Arts. The Irish language was still written; the Latin was used very generally. "At the present day," it is observed, "there is a very earnest tendency to the reproduction of the literary remains" of that period.

Nineteen names, for the most part altogether strange to us, are selected for this literary biography of the seventeenth century. A brief memoir of each is followed by a short description of the works still extant, as belonging to the authors thus enumerated, and in



the case of the poets, a few specimens are presented of their compositions.

Mr. M'GEE's purpose is to shew that "nationality," as he terms it, "is the friend and guide, and the best executor of men of genius." He is an enthusiastic repealer; a zealous pupil of the school of "Young Ireland," and omits no occasion to throw out provocatives to comparison between times present and past, when Ireland was a nation on her own account, and eager aspirations for a return to the same condition. From his review of the lives of the literary Irishmen of the seventeenth century, he discovers the following traits as characterising the literature of that period. "First, great advance made in using the contents of our national archives. 2nd. Frequent appeals to the press against the unjustifiable conduct of England towards Ireland. 3rd. Great individual earnestness in the writers, and a large share of bigotry." Are not these traits noticeable also in the clever, but somewhat irrational, clique to which Mr. M'GEE belongs? Have they not more wit than wisdom, more imagination than reason, more enthusiasm than prudence in all they say, write, and do? They are very clever, but very impracticable personages.

#### *Life of the Right Hon. George Canning.*

[CONCLUSION.]

HERE is an interesting account of

#### THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

When the "Anti-Jacobin" was started, the available talent of the Reform party, in and out of parliament, greatly preponderated over that of its opponents. An engine was wanted that should make up, by the destructiveness of its explosions, for the lack of more numerous resources. That engine was planned by Mr. Canning, who saw the necessity for it clearly. But it required a rougher hand than his to work it—one, too, not likely to wince from mud or bruises. The author of the "Bavard," and "Meviad," was exactly the man—hard, coarse, inexorable, unscrupulous. He brought with him into this paper a thoroughly brutal spirit; the personalities were not merely gross and wanton, but wild, ribald, slaughtering; it was the dissection of the shambles. Such things had their effect, of course, at the time, and they were written for their effect; but they exhibit such low depravity and baseness—violating so flagrantly all truth, honour, and decency, for mere temporary party objects, that we cannot look upon them now without a shudder. Fox was assailed in this journal as if he were a highwayman. His peaceful retirement at St. Anne's Hill was invaded with vulgar jibes, and unintelligible buffoonery; Coleridge, Lamb, and others were attacked with extravagant personal hostility; and there was not an individual distinguished by respectability of character in the ranks of the Reformers, who was not mercilessly tarred and feathered the moment he ventured into public. Such was literally the "Weekly Anti-Jacobin;" but time, which has bestowed so much celebrity upon it, has also made an equitable distinction in the verdict. The scurrility which, at the moment of publication, stung the town to madness, has long since lost all power of exciting attention; it sank into oblivion with its subjects, the wonder and contempt of a day. The prose papers, written in the ferocious vein of the Jacobins, whose criminalities they scourged, are gone down into darkness, and nothing has survived of the "Anti-Jacobin" but its ethereal spirit, in the shape of its poetical burlesques and *jeux d'esprit*. That spirit was animated by Mr. Canning. His responsibility was always understood to be confined to the airy and sportive articles, for he cannot be suspected of having intermeddled with the lower necessities of the work. It is to his contributions, assisted by his personal friends, that the "Anti-Jacobin" is indebted for being still remembered and talked of; and some of them—not all—are worthy of the distinction.

Another portrait of a personage who figures prominently in this memoir,

#### LORD CASTLEREAGH.

Amongst the most furious supporters of the Society of United Irishmen, which grew out of the discontents of 1792,

was a young nobleman belonging to a rich and powerful family in the north, who had given a remarkable proof of his patriotism only the year before, by the expenditure of no less than 30,000*l.* on a contested election. If he were not actually a member of that formidable body (which there is much reason to believe he was), he at least rendered himself notorious by his open advocacy of its principles. Nothing was too desperate for the ardour of his nationality. He was the intimate friend of the Sheares, who were hanged in the rebellion, and was himself so deeply implicated in the movements which preceded that catastrophe, that he was supposed to be quite ready at any convenient opportunity, to "cut the painter." All this time he was in the Irish parliament; but Mr. Pitt, discerning his uses, drew him over to England, and in 1795 he took his seat, for the first time, in the English House of Commons. And now it was that he performed the most wonderful evolution—the cleanest psychological summersault—ever witnessed in the legislative gymnasium. The firebrand of the Irish opposition seconds the English address—the fomentor of the rebellion becomes the avenger of the law—the suspected abettor of the separation becomes the agent of the union. All of a sudden, to borrow an expressive image of his own, this political *Scapin* turned his back upon himself. He not only abandoned the party upon whose shoulders he had clambered into power, and which was called into existence to vindicate the liberties of the country, but he handed over the country itself, bound neck and crop, to the British minister. He was not satisfied with breaking the vow, but he must complete the sacrilege by breaking the altar too. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning were about the same age, and entered public life about the same time. The one commanded a county, with which he bribed the minister; and, after having identified himself for four years with a party whose excesses he encouraged, took office and apostatised. The other belonged to no party, until he went into parliament; he then avowed his principles, and maintained them, through good and evil, to the end of his life.

CANNING commenced life as a literary man, and that was the natural bent of his genius. Circumstances converted him into a statesman, although he always returned to his pen with pleasure. Mr. BELL has shewn a delicate appreciation of his character in this respect in the following account of

#### CANNING'S LITERARY TASTES.

Canning's passion for literature entered into all his pursuits. It coloured his whole life. Every moment of leisure was given up to books. He and Pitt were passionately fond of the classics; and we find them together of an evening, after a dinner at Pitt's, poring over some old Grecian in a corner of the drawing-room, while the rest of the company are dispersed in conversation. Fox had a similar love of classical literature, but his wider sympathies embraced a class of works in which Pitt never appears to have exhibited any interest. Fox was a devourer of novels; and into this region Mr. Canning entered with gusto. In English writings his judgment was pure and strict; and no man was a more perfect master of all the varieties of composition. He was the first English minister who banished the French language from our diplomatic correspondence, and vindicated before Europe the copiousness and dignity of our native tongue. He had a high zest for the early vigorous models, in all styles, and held in less estimation the more ornate and refined. Writing to Scott about the "Lady of the Lake," he says, that on a repeated perusal he is more and more delighted with it; but that he wishes he could induce him to try the effect of "a more full and sweeping style"—to present himself "in a Drydenic habit." His admiration of Dryden, whom he pronounced to be "the perfection of harmony," and his preference of that poet of gigantic mould over the melodists of the French school, may be suggested as an evidence of the soundness and strength of his judgment. Yet it is remarkable, that with this broad sense of great faculties in others, he was himself fastidious to excess about the slightest turns of expression. He would correct his speeches, and amend their verbal graces, till he nearly polished out the original spirit. He was not singular in this. Burke, whom he is said to have closely studied, did the same. Sheridan always prepared his speeches; the highly wrought passages in the speech on Hastings's impeachment were written



before-hand and committed to memory; and the differences were so marked that the audience could readily distinguish between the extemporaneous passages and those that were premeditated. Mr. Canning's alterations were frequently so minute and extensive, that the printers found it easier to re-compose the matter afresh in type than to correct it. This difficulty of choice in diction sometimes springs from *l'embarras des richesses*, but oftener from poverty of resources, and generally indicates a class of intellect which is more occupied with costume than ideas. But here are three instances which set all popular notions on this question of verbal fastidiousness by the ears; for certainly Burke, Canning, and Sheridan were men of capacious talents; and two of them, at least, present extraordinary examples of imagination and practical judgment, running together neck and neck in the race of life to the very goal.

Among the poems that appeared in the "Anti-Jacobin," there was one from the pen of CANNING, full of happy sarcasm, which Mr. BELL thus describes:—

CANNING'S POEM OF "NEW MORALITY."

The poem of "New Morality" is on all hands ascribed to Mr. Canning, and his exclusive title to it appears to admit of little doubt. This satire, as the name implies, is aimed at the false philosophy of the day, but, hitting beyond its proposed mark as the theme rises, it strikes at the Duke of Bedford, Southey, Coleridge, Godwin, and several other minor celebrities. The passages which are clear of scornful personalities are written with that unmistakable polish which at once declares the authorship; and even where he flings his arrowy contempt upon Thelwall, Williams, and the small fry of democratic agitators, we fancy we can still trace him in the refinement of the points. But it was not in weighty or savage satire that Mr. Canning's strength lay—the tomahawk of right belonged to the author of the "Baviad" and "Mæviad," who wielded it with the rude force and ruder courage befitting such a weapon. Canning's more civilised taste delighted in handling lighter instruments, and the sphere of operations in this rampant journal was accordingly extended to accommodate him. It must be confessed there was a large field for ridicule in the literary as well as the political fashions of the day. The "Sorrows of Werter" had done its work upon the maudlin tenderness of the English public; Darwin had transferred to the vegetable world the affected sensibility of the boarding-school; Southey was bringing out his English Sapphics; and Sheridan and Holcroft were doing their best to naturalise upon the English stage the false sentiment and bad fine writing of the German playwrights. Here were tempting topics for the "Anti-Jacobin"—all legitimate topics, too; coming in luckily enough to give an aspect of justice to its foul partisanship. So far as the literary offenders were concerned, the "Anti-Jacobin" had not only justice on its side, but the thanks of every person of good taste. We may be assured it had no heartier reader—if we could find it out—than Fox himself, who despised all false styles, and must have enjoyed the good things of these slashing critics to the top of his bent, stopping short only at their politics, which were evil in thought and utterance. It would have been well if the writers had stopped there too.

CANNING'S oratory was greatly admired by his contemporaries; and as our readers will be pleased to learn something of the character of that power which fascinated senates, and lifted its possessor to the topmost height to which even ambition can aspire, we take from a contemporary, *The Spectator*, a sketch which evidently proceeds from the pen of one who records the results of his personal observation.

CANNING'S ORATORY.

As a mere orator—a speaker to satisfy his own side, to puzzle or silence his opponents, and to persuade or please the indifferent—Canning was perhaps without a rival in modern times, and only second to Cicero. Burke had always too much of the philosopher and lecturer for the House of Commons; as his richness of illustration, the profundity of his thoughts, and his accumulations of matter, over-informed him for a mixed audience. With Pitt and Fox (as in later days with Peel), speaking was rather a means to an end, a mode by

which they justified or produced an action; so that the statesman overtopped the orator. As a statesman Canning's sphere of action was limited; and it is to be suspected that he had the Whig taint of ascribing too much to orations and despatches—to words in lieu of deeds. The principal thing he did was, "to call a new world into existence, to redress the balance of the old;" but time has shewn that the call was premature, and the bantling unequal to the functions of existence; whilst the intrigue he carried on upon this occasion with Rush and the United States against the Holy Alliance, produced the declaration from the President that the American continent was no longer open to settlement, which is at the bottom of the present Oregon difficulties. But his speaking was masterly: complete and finished in a remarkable degree. He had a comprehensive logic, to see the true pinch of the case—the right view of the whole question. He had the critical acumen to evolve the subordinate members that supported the main view, and the rhetorical art to marshal them in order. He had also rhetorical invention—the genius by which the inherent reasons are expanded and enforced by illustrations, and vivified by images, which give life to logic, seeming to prove his position, though in reality assuming it. The matter thus skilfully chosen was clothed in a style habitually elegant, and animated by an agreeable pleasantry. A vital power reigned throughout, and there was no verbiage. It cannot, however, be denied that the habitual workman was too visible, and the elegance pushed to an artificial extent. His oratory was deficient in the natural; it would have been improved by touches of homeliness. His refinement was overdone; it was that of the actor or the artist, rather than of the true gentleman. Moreover, the praise of his oratory rarely applies to his personal attacks; and on reading the frequent "laughter"—"much laughter," one feels a desire to have the joke explained. The very personality, and the evident allusions to the by-play of the debate, may contribute to this flatness in report—it is like an effervescing beverage when the fixed air has escaped.

SCIENCE.

*A Brief View of Homœopathy, &c.* By NEVILLE WOOD, M.D. London: Leath.

THE elaborate notice last week given of Mr. SAMPSON'S ingenious essay on this subject, makes it unnecessary to dwell upon this treatise by Dr. WOOD. He, however, enters more minutely than did Mr. SAMPSON into the practice of Homœopathy, showing its application to the various ills that flesh is heir to.

FICTION.

*Emilia Wyndham.* By the Author of "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. In 3 vols. London, 1846. Colburn.

WHEN reviewing the very beautiful tale, entitled "Mount Sorel," contributed by this author to Messrs. CHAPMAN and HALL'S Monthly Series, we entered at considerable length upon an examination of the peculiar features of his (or her) genius. It will, therefore, be unnecessary to repeat here the judgment then pronounced, and the more so as it has been amply confirmed by public opinion, which has received that publication into the catalogue of its favourites.

*Emilia Wyndham* is not, however, quite equal to its immediate predecessor, although a very able performance. It was evidently composed with less care, because with more haste. Character is not so minutely elaborated, nor are the pictures so perfect. The same labour has not been bestowed in after-correction, nor has the pen been so fearless in blotting as it is wont to be in the same hands. But these defects are comparative only: it is when we test the author by his (or her) own standard, that we are compelled to find fault. By the side of his contemporaries he appears to great advantage, not inferior to the best of them in his excellencies, while his defects are fewer than are to be seen in any. This is high praise, but it is a sincere opinion, based not upon a hasty perusal of one only of his works, but produced

by close observation of his literary career, from the appearance of the "Two Old Men's Tales" to the three volumes now before us.

When we commenced *THE CRITIC* three years since, it was our design to present a skeleton of the plots of the various fictions that might come before us for review. But a little experience satisfied us that the plan was one which could not be carried out without great injustice to authors, and annoyance to readers. So abbreviated, a story that might be interesting enough with the lights and shades thrown in at the telling, would not unfrequently seem tame and bald in the outline, while, without satisfying the curiosity of the reader, it would take off the edge of appetite for the perusal of the work, the end being already revealed to him. We have found it to be in practice the most convenient course to indicate only so much of the subject of the fiction as will serve to shew the class to which it belongs, and to express such a general opinion of its merits as may enable the reader to determine whether it is one which he will buy or borrow.

*Emilia Wyndham* belongs to the class of domestic novels. It is intended to portray actual life, with, of course, the usual allowance of a little exaggeration, and some improbabilities in the order of events, accorded to the novelist as a necessity. The style of the work, and three of the most striking characters, will be best exhibited by the following extracts:—

MR. AND MRS. WYNDHAM.

"We lions are no painters," may be said by women: the best of them are most often not painters. Any vulgar penny-aliner can draw a Mrs. Caudle, and publish her in a popular journal; and with such success that she shall become a byword in families, and serve as an additional reason for that rudeness and incivility, that negligent contempt, with which too many Englishmen still think it their prerogative, as men and true-born Britons, to treat their wives. The reverse of the picture is rather pathetic than comical, and therefore far less interesting to the mass of our population, who seem to care neither for truth, nor sense, nor feeling, so they can but be made to laugh. The tears of a sensitive and tender-hearted creature over the whims, the follies, perhaps the excesses, vices, and extravagances of the being she cannot but love—for all women love their husbands—are easily resolved into pettishness or affectation. It is very much more amusing so to consider it, and certainly not a little agreeable to be able to dispense with all attention to other people's feelings, by being assured that if they feel pain when they are wounded it is their own fault. Mrs. Wyndham's life had been the sacrifice to a short-sighted woman's folly. She had, sensible woman as she was, been captivated by Mr. Wyndham's handsome person, gay and pleasing manners, and intense and passionate devotion to herself. She was very young when she committed the folly of marrying him; that is all we can say in her behalf. She found herself the idol of a day, and, when the short-lived passion was over, there was neither friendship, nor affection, nor confidence, to replace it. Of friendship, such a man as Mr. Wyndham is evidently incapable; that desecrated name belongs only to the attachments of the finer spirits, the rare and excellent among our race. A combination of qualities on both sides is necessary to produce that precious and inestimable sentiment. This was not to be expected. Of affection not many men are capable; they have usually a sort of attachment to the things they live among, the people who fill their house and family; that is, they do not very well like to do without them when they have been accustomed to their presence; but that is all. Take them away, and replace them by something or some person else, and you soon learn to measure the strength of attachment in the ordinary human heart. As for confidence, that is not the attribute of a little mind, especially if tinged with jealousy of a mind more enlarged and noble than itself. It loves to keep its own frivolous plans and ideas a secret, for there seems, indeed, a sort of instinctive dread on the part of folly to come into contact with wisdom. Rely upon it, that the man who loves those higher in the scale of intellect than himself is a hero undisclosed by circumstances. Folly hates wisdom, even the gentlest wisdom. I will not say, however,

that Mrs. Wyndham's was always the very gentlest wisdom, for she was of a high and somewhat impatient temper, and most noble-spirited and honourable. She really could not stoop to flatter and to coax Mr. Wyndham. She was so much too good for him, that even her fine and generous qualities were actually in her way. Had she but possessed some portion of his own littleness, undoubtedly she would have managed him much better. Her worst anxiety, because it was one of which nothing could disguise the importance, was upon the subject of his affairs. She could bear with his peevishness, she could endure his tediousness, she could manage to get along, as the saying is; but her suspicion that he was every year spending more than his income, the impossibility to obtain the least certainty as to what money he ought to spend, or as to what money he actually did spend, the vexation of seeing him duped by tradesmen with whom he had to do, imposed upon by every pretender who wanted a job, let him be picture-cleaner, landscape-gardener, horse-breaker, furnishing professor, or any other of those innumerable leeches that prey upon facile men of property, was secretly undermining her health and spirits.

Equally successful is the picture of—

A CHAMBER COUNSEL.

This gentleman—though rather an uncouth one he was—practised in some one of those branches of the profession which confine men to their chambers, and never summon them forth to plead in public, or, indeed, to mingle much with men in general. There is, however, in this chamber-practice abundant exercise for the acutest intellect, and a vast experience of the world is acquired, though usually of the worst half of the world. Men who devote their lives to such pursuits become, or are apt to become, singular in their habits, suspicious in their views, unsympathizing and cold in their tempers; their intellects are often almost preternaturally excited; though improving in acuteness rather than extension—in clearness rather than in breadth of comprehension. Mr. Danby was a thin, spare man, whose clothes rather hung upon than dressed him; his hair was either rusted or grizzled, it was difficult to say which, but fell in a sort of uncouth disorder over a long and thin face, very pale, and only illuminated by a slow, but bright and piercing eye: his manner was not vulgar, for he was never in the slightest degree occupied with himself; it was uncouth, yet not disagreeable, because it was so perfectly plain, and that of a thoroughly sensible man: the only thing unpleasant about him was the expression of his mouth and his sardonic smile; there was something cynical and suspicious in both, which was displeasing. The gentlemen came up together, and Mr. Wyndham presented Mr. Danby to his wife and daughter, with that sort of air which says, "This gentleman is highly valued by me; make him welcome." On their approach, the Colonel had turned aside, and his hands, as usual, in his coat-pockets, had sauntered away by himself. There was nothing he abhorred so much as vulgar associations; and, with the impertinence of his age and profession, he hastily concluded that all men of business were of a sort to be avoided. In the mean time, Mrs. Wyndham addressed Mr. Danby with her usual politeness, and Mr. Wyndham and his daughter talked a little together; and thus, walking all four in a line, they approached the house, where the supper-bell was still ringing, and entered for supper. Mr. Danby's eye had fixed, as the expression is, the young lady when he was presented to her; indeed, she was not at that moment to be disregarded, even by an old hackneyed lawyer: she looked so charming and handsome, all blooming and animation, with her brown hair about her face, and her gipsy hat hanging upon her arm. And as the gentleman entered the house, he stooped his head, and in a low voice asked the father whether he remembered Miss F. (a celebrated actress) when in the perfection of her attractions? for that he thought his daughter very like her. Some years ago he had once seen Miss F. perform one of her celebrated parts at the theatre, and she had served as his standard of ideal perfection from that time to this.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that all who enjoy a good novel should place this at the top of their lists.

*No Fiction; a Narrative founded on facts.* By ANDREW REID, D.D. 10th edition. London: Ward and Co.

FEW religious tales have enjoyed so extensive a popularity as this. The *tenth* edition on the title-page vouches for intrinsic merit, for without some really sound recommendations no book maintains a permanent place in public estimation, and *No Fiction* boasts a *tenth* edition on its title-page. It is enough to announce this fact; the time for criticism is past; a book so heralded is beyond the jurisdiction of the reviewer.

### POETRY.

*Palestrina. A Metrical Romance.* By ROBERT H. HERON, Esq. Longman and Co.

*Palestrina* was written, as Mr. HERON observes, "with the design of recording the impressions of the author on visiting Italy eighteen months since." Although this was the positive design of the work, yet these impressions bear more of the stamp of native feeling and remembrance than they do of foreign recollections. We never read a poem less continental than the one before us. Cut out the Italian names of places and individuals, and substitute English ones, and the romance is essentially native, warmed by home affections, and coloured by home scenery.

Mr. HERON cannot localize himself beyond the English Channel. This we do not look upon as a want of poetic excellence; because it may evince an evidence of domestic excellence, which is expressly a form of poetry. Poetry is a quality of different kinds, as well as of different degrees. In *SHELLEY* it burst forth in the intensity of the ideal, with only as much domestic life expressed in his writings as would preserve the unique character of the poet. In *SHAKESPEARE*, imagination was the foremost power; but the social relationship of mankind kept close on the skirts of imagination, so as to be identical with it. In *BYRON*, imagination was a secondary strength, and his domestic relations, either assumed or real, were the reigning spirit of his muse. Individually, not the less excellent was *SHAKESPEARE*, or *SHELLEY*, or *BYRON*. Each was a separate link, and each uttered different notes; but because of this the universal harmony of poetry was not the less complete.

We do not, and we cannot, compare Mr. HERON with the poets we have named. Were we to attempt such a falsehood, his own good sense would condemn us of flattery. We compare Mr. HERON only by himself—if that may be termed a comparison. Only by a work adjudge we the worker—only by a poem decide we on the poet.

*Palestrina*, then, may be pronounced as a very creditable performance. Some of the passages in it are marked by a refined taste. The writer writes with care, and finishes with caution; so that we have nothing to offend the ear—no harshness, no ruggedness. Here are some lines, not so finished as many we could quote, but which happily express a truth:—

Yet in his absence *Palestrina* strove  
By art to bid those weary moments move,  
And even charms were round her shed  
By tales she sought when joy had fled;  
For aching minds, when madly torn  
By grief, uncertainty, or scorn,  
A sweet companionship will borrow  
From pictures of another's sorrow.  
Her cheek in wonder oft would pale,  
As breathless she would list the tale;  
And as the speaker's accents warmed,  
Confessed, in truth, his words were charmed;  
Her heart in sympathy would leap  
At sorrow's trials, where we reap

The fruits from out a thorny field,  
Where all the harvest we so store,  
And all our painful labours yield,  
To more endurance than before.

The protraction of *Palestrina* is the chief cause of what is to be found weak and attenuated in the poem. Mr. HERON's infirmity lies in a multitude of words. When he braces in his energy of thought, as he occasionally does, to a compact use of language, he writes with a marked share of poetic qualification. Poetry, in its legitimate sense, is the purest and loftiest amount of thought represented by the least waste of language. The perfectibility of the end is derived from the applicability of the means. Words are the vegetating principles of ideas, as shoots are the vegetating evidences of a tree; but an exuberance of shoots weaken and sap the vitality of the parent stem, without rendering an equivalent for the elixir of life which they drain. It is this kind of poetry which carries its debility on its surface. *Ars est celare artem*. We wish to be perfectly understood in this matter, because, from inattention to this point, poetry is rendered a form of prolixity when it should be a form of concentration. Mental energy should remain as mental energy, and not suffer a diffusiveness of style to fritter it into mental consumption. The *spirit* of poetry will always be diffusive; but we speak not of the spirit, but of the more palpable constitution of poetry—language. We do not say, because a poem is lengthy, that of necessity it is elaborated. This would be to tarnish the glory of every man whose fame is the offspring of a lengthy work. Diffusiveness may characterize fourteen lines as well as a thousand lines. Thus the sonnet is often diffusive in weak hands, because it is limited to a single thought; and that thought being puny, the fourteen lines overbalance it. No poem is diffusive in which the idea is the primary, and language the secondary, quality. The moment the idea is choked, suffocated, and lost in an inharmonious amount of words, then the diffusiveness is complete. These remarks will apply to one-half the books which come under our notice, and we have endeavoured to be explicit. Let Mr. HERON note our observations, and the next time he writes he will be stronger because his strength will not be disjointed; and, combined with his present poetic merits, he will, as a child of song, be listened to and admired.

*Rhymes.* By a Poetaster. London, 1846. Saunders and Otley.

WE have seen no book of this season, or of past seasons, with a more appropriate title. The poems before us are exclusively *rhymes*—nothing more. They are pretty in the third degree of prettiness, and we regret that our author should have published a book. His fugitive pieces may have modestly peeped from the corner of a provincial newspaper, and uncritical maidens may have simpered over them and pronounced them "*pretty*," for by this word many ladies express their complete critical analysis. This would have been some kind of fame on which a "*Poetaster*" may sleep, and dream of ladies' lips "*like rose-leaves stirred*" (as *Byron* or some one else remarks) by the gentle motion of gentle praise. Unfortunately, or fortunately, for our author, we are compelled to be just, but compelled only by the dignity of manhood. In sober justice, then, we affirm that our author can never be a poet, in the comprehensiveness of the term. Rhymer he may be, versifier he may be, but rhymer and versifier he must remain. A misfortune to himself, and a greater misfortune to the world, it is that he possesses these outside habiliments of the poet—this external shell within which is concealed no rich kernel. We think it a misfortune because more useful callings of life—callings for which probably our author possesses genius—may be hidden beneath this assumption of



poetry—and the advantage of which the public must lose. We have no wish to be needlessly severe; our only desire is, that no writer should continue to pursue that path in which he is *certain* to meet disappointments. In all kindness our remarks are made, as much for the author's advantage as for the public security against works that add nothing to public literature. When we say that an author is gifted with the gift of strange tongues, which is the strength of poetic utterance, or when we say that an author is entirely devoid of these gifts, we are prepared by his writings to bear out our assertion. An assertion unattested is philosophically *only* an assertion. To prove that our author cannot rise into the superior atmosphere of light which is the peculiar home of the poet, we could quote such verses as "Amelia," "To my favourite mare," "Hark, the war-drum beats," &c. But there is a barrenness about *all*, and an indefiniteness about a great portion of what the book before us contains. We quote two consecutive verses, the first stanzas of which prove our former assertion—barrenness; and the next our second assertion—indefiniteness.

'Tis sweet by the pale moon to stray  
And watch her beams in the streamlet play,  
While plaintive Philomel, close by  
Asks in the shady grove, a sigh.

Too glorious is the sun to watch:  
The stars we ne'er in quiet catch:  
But Cynthia's orb is so still and fair  
She makes us almost worship her.

No one but a child could have written the above. We do not speak of *years*, but of *mind*. Other verses there are of more tone and quality than the above, but all of them are below the average poetry of the day, and every one knows what the average poetry of the day is. We advise our author to come down from the little altitude to which he has climbed up the Parnassian mount. Nine sisters sit above him and mock his efforts to reach them, and no gentleman of any pride can suffer the mockery of ladies.

#### PERIODICALS AND SERIALS.

*Knight's Political Dictionary*, Part XII. continues this invaluable enterprise from the article "Police" to "Press." It is, as a work of reference, unique, and indispensable to the library.

*Mores Catholici*, Part XVII., is a continuation of the singularly learned treatise on all things relative to Catholicism, which we have had such frequent occasion to notice.

*The New Church Advocate and Examiner* is a new organ established by the Swedenborgians, and intended to promulgate their doctrines.

*The Connoisseur* for April is devoted to subjects connected with the arts. It offers a large engraved portrait of REMBRANDT, and a piece of original music in addition to its letter-press.

*Lowe's Edinburgh Magazine* for April has few articles, but their quality is excellent. The "Account of Subterranean Glaciers, Ice Caves, and Natural Ice Houses," is curious. The essay on "The Preservation of Health" is full of good sense, and the notice of novels will please the thoughtful.

*Knight's Penny Magazine* for April is a number of peculiar interest. It differs in its tone, its subjects, and their treatment, from all other periodicals, and no trace remains of the original *Penny Magazine*. The article on "German Criminal Trials" is very interesting; there is a carefully prepared analysis of Lord CAMPBELL's "Lives of the Chancellors," and among the rest that which will be more welcome than all, a selection from the Literary Remains of Mr. WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED.

One of these we transfer to our columns, as among the happiest efforts of the modern muse, and entitled to a place in a record of the literature of the time, such as THE CRITIC is designed to be.

#### THE RED FISHERMAN.

Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! —*Romeo and Juliet*.

The Abbot arose, and closed his book,  
And donned his sandal shoon,  
And wandered forth alone, to look  
Upon the summer moon;  
A starlight sky was o'er his head,  
A quiet breeze around;  
And the flowers a thrilling fragrance shed,  
And the waves a soothing sound;  
It was not an hour nor a scene for aught  
But love and calm delight;  
Yet the holy man had a cloud of thought  
On his wrinkled brow that night.  
He gazed on the river that gurgled by,  
But he thought not of the reeds:  
He clasped his gilded rosary,  
But he did not tell the beads:  
If he looked to Heaven, 't was not to invoke  
The Spirit that dwelleth there;  
If he opened his lips, the words they spoke  
Had never the tone of prayer.  
A pious priest might the Abbot seem,  
He had swayed the crosier well;  
But what was the theme of the Abbot's dream,  
The Abbot was loth to tell.

Companionless, for a mile or more,  
He traced the windings of the shore.—  
Oh, beauteous is that river still,  
As it winds by many a sloping hill,  
And many a dim o'er-arching grove,  
And many a flat and sunny cove,  
And terrace lawns, whose bright arcades  
The honey-suckle sweetly shades,  
And rocks, whose very crags seem bowers,  
So gay they are with grass and flowers.  
But the Abbot was thinking of scenery,  
About as much, in sooth,  
As a lover thinks of constancy,  
Or an advocate of truth.  
He did not mark how the skies in wrath  
Grew dark above his head;  
He did not mark how the mossy path  
Grew damp beneath his tread;  
And nearer he came, and still more near,  
To a pool, in whose recess  
The water had slept for many a year,  
Unchanged and motionless;  
From the river stream it spread away,  
The space of half a rood;  
The surface had the hue of clay,  
And the scent of human blood;  
The trees and the herbs that round it grew  
Were venomous and foul;  
And the birds that through the bushes flew  
Were the vulture and the owl;  
The water was as dark and rank  
As ever a company pumped;  
And the perch that was netted and laid on the bank,  
Grew rotten while it jumped:  
And bold was he who thither came,  
At midnight, man or boy;  
For the place was cursed with an evil name,  
And that name was "The Devil's Decoy!"

The Abbot was weary as Abbot could be,  
And he sate down to rest on the stump of a tree:  
When suddenly rose a dismal tone—  
Was it a song, or was it a moan?  
"Oh, ho! Oh, ho!  
Above,—below!—  
Lightly and brightly they glide and go;  
The hungry and keen to the top are leaping,  
The lazy and fat in the depths are sleeping;  
Fishing is fine when the pool is muddy,  
Broiling is rich when the coals are ruddy!"  
In a monstrous fright, by the murky light,  
He looked to the left, and he looked to the right.  
And what was the vision close before him,  
That flung such a sudden stupor o'er him?

'T was a sight to make the hair uprise,  
And the life-blood colder run :  
The startled priest struck both his thighs,  
And the Abbey clock struck one !

All alone, by the side of the pool,  
A tall man sate on a three-legged stool,  
Kicking his heels on the dewy sod,  
And putting in order his reel and rod.  
Red were the rags his shoulders wore,  
And a high red cap on his head he bore ;  
His arms and his legs were long and bare :  
And two or three locks of long red hair  
Were tossing about his scraggy neck,  
Like a tattered flag o'er a splitting wreck.  
It might be time, or it might be trouble,  
Had bent that stout back nearly double ;  
Sunk in their deep and hollow sockets  
That blazing couple of Congreve rockets,  
And shrunk and shrivelled that tawny skin,  
Till it hardly covered the bones within,  
The line the Abbot saw him throw  
Had been fashioned and formed long ages ago :  
And the hands that worked his foreign vest,  
Long ages ago had gone to their rest :  
You would have sworn, as you looked on them,  
He had fished in the flood with Ham and Shem !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Minnow or gentle, worm or fly—  
It seemed not such to the Abbot's eye :  
Gaily it glittered with jewel and gem,  
And its shape was the shape of a diadem.  
It was fastened a gleaming hook about,  
By a chain within and a chain without :  
The Fisherman gave it a kick and a spin,  
And the water fizzed as it tumbled in !

From the bowels of the earth,  
Strange and varied sounds had birth ;  
Now the battle's bursting peal,  
Neigh of steed, and clang of steel ;  
Now an old man's hollow groan  
Echoed from the dungeon stone ;  
Now the weak and wailing cry  
Of a stripling's agony !

Cold by this was the midnight air ;  
But the Abbot's blood ran colder,  
When he saw a gasping knight lie there,  
With a gash beneath his clotted hair,  
And a hump upon his shoulder.  
And the loyal churchman strove in vain  
To mutter a Pater Noster :  
For he who writhed in mortal pain,  
Was camped that night on Bosworth plain,  
The cruel Duke of Glo'ster !

There was turning of keys and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
It was a haunch of princely size,  
Filling with fragrance earth and skies.  
The corpulent Abbot knew full well  
The swelling form and the steaming smell ;  
Never a monk that wore a hood  
Could better have guessed the very wood,  
Where the noble hart had stood at bay,  
Weary and wounded, at close of day.

Sounded then the noisy glee,  
Of a revelling company ;  
Sprightly story, wicked jest,  
Rated servant, greeted guest,  
Flow of wine, and flight of cork,  
Stroke of knife, and thrust of fork :  
But, where'er the board was spread,  
Grace, I ween, was never said !  
Pulling and tugging the Fisherman sate ;  
And the Priest was ready to vomit,  
When he hauled out a gentleman, fine and fat,  
With a belly as big as a brimming vat,  
And a nose as red as a comet.  
"A capital stew," the Fisherman said,  
"With cinnamon and sherry !"  
And the Abbot turned away his head,  
For his brother was lying before him dead,  
The Mayor of St. Edmond's Bury !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.

It was a bundle of beautiful things.  
A peacock's tail, and a butterfly's wings,  
A scarlet slipper, an auburn curl,  
A mantle of silk, and a bracelet of pearl,  
And a packet of letters, from whose sweet fold  
Such a stream of delicate odours rolled,  
That the Abbot fell on his face, and fainted,  
And deemed his spirit was half-way sainted.

Sounds seemed dropping from the skies,  
Stifled whispers, smothered sighs,  
And the breath of vernal gales,  
And the voice of nightingales :  
But the nightingales were mute,  
Envious, when an unseen lute  
Shaped the music of its chords  
Into passion's thrilling words.

"Smile, lady, smile !—I will not set  
Upon my brow the coronet,  
Till thou wilt gather roses white,  
To wear around its gems of light.  
Smile, lady, smile !—I will not see  
Rivers and Hastings bend the knee,  
Till those bewitching lips of thine  
Will bid me rise in bliss from mine.  
Smile, lady, smile !—for who would win  
A loveless throne through guilt and sin ?  
Or who would reign o'er vale and hill,  
If woman's heart were rebel still ?"

One jerk, and there a lady lay,  
A lady wondrous fair ;  
But the rose of her lip had faded away,  
And her cheek was as white and cold as clay,  
And torn was her raven hair.  
"Ah ha !" said the Fisher, in merry guise,  
"Her gallant was hooked before ;"—  
And the Abbot heav'd some piteous sighs,  
For oft he had bless'd those deep blue eyes,  
The eyes of Mistress Shore !

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he took forth a bait from his iron box.  
Many the cunning sportsman tried,  
Many he flung with a frown aside ;  
A minstrel's harp, and a miser's chest,  
A hermit's cowl, and a baron's crest,  
Jewels of lustre, robes of price,  
Tomes of heresy, loaded dice.  
And golden cups of the brightest wine  
That ever was pressed from the Burgundy vine.  
There was a perfume of sulphur and nitre,  
As he came at last to a bishop's mitre !  
From top to toe the Abbot shook,  
As the Fisherman armed his golden hook ;  
And awfully were his features wrought  
By some dark dream, or awakened thought.  
Look how the fearful felon gazes  
On the scaffold his country's vengeance raises,  
When the lips are cracked, and the jaws are dry,  
With the thirst which only in death shall die ;  
Mark the mariner's frenzied frown,  
As the swaling wherry settles down,  
When peril has numbed the sense and will,  
Though the hand and the foot may struggle still :  
Wilder far was the Abbot's glance :  
Deeper far was the Abbot's trance :  
Fixed as a monument, still as air,  
He bent no knee, and he breathed no prayer ;  
But he signed,—he knew not why or how,—  
The sign of the Cross on his clammy brow.

There was turning of keys, and creaking of locks,  
As he stalked away with his iron box.

"Oh ho ! Oh ho !  
The cock doth crow ;  
It is time for the Fisher to rise and go.  
Fair luck to the Abbot, fair luck to the shrine !  
He hath gnawed in twain my choicest line ;  
Let him swim to the north, let him swim to the south,—  
The Abbot will carry my hook in his mouth !"

The Abbot had preached for many years,  
With as clear articulation  
As ever was heard in the House of Peers  
Against Emancipation :  
His words had made battalions quake,  
Had roused the zeal of martyrs ;  
Had kept the Court an hour awake,  
And the king himself three-quarters :

But ever, from that hour, 'tis said,  
He stammered and he stuttered,  
As if an axe went through his head,  
With every word he uttered.  
He stuttered o'er blessing, he stuttered o'er ban,  
He stuttered, drunk or dry,  
And none but he and the Fisherman  
Could tell the reason why!

*The Penny Pictorial Shakspeare*, Parts V. VI. and VII. is probably the cheapest edition ever published. Nearly three plays are given for sixpence!

*The Pictorial Balladist*, Parts V. VI. and VII. is an equally cheap publication, but still more acceptable, because there is nothing like it. These parts contain many of our most famous ballads, neatly—nay, handsomely—printed, richly illustrated with clever woodcuts, and accompanied with historical notes. We would recommend to the publisher or editor to introduce translations of some of the best ballads of Germany.

*Sharpe's London Magazine* for April continues to deserve the patronage it enjoys by the excellence of its illustrations and the good taste exhibited in the selection of the contents. The worst part of it is, as usual, the original matter, most of which is evidently contributed by the innumerable "village Miltons" and milliner Sapphos who deluge the editors of periodicals willing to waste type and paper upon their contributions. We earnestly advise Mr. SHARPE to eschew all such for the future. If he cannot pay good writers, let him be content with good selections. Any thing is better than the productions of the "illustrious obscure."

*The Local Historian's Table-Book* for April contains a chronological record of the history of Northumberland, and Durham, with their local traditions and legendary and descriptive ballads. This is precisely what a provincial magazine ought to be.

*The Librarian's Review* for April is the first number of a magazine intending to do what is done by every other magazine, namely, to give a short notice of new books. We cannot conceive what need there is of such a work, nor upon what it builds its hopes of success.

*The Eclectic Review* for April. This periodical preserves the high reputation it has acquired, although its management has been changed. It is, as our readers are probably aware, the literary organ of the Evangelical Dissenters, and certainly it is highly creditable to the mental accomplishments of those who can so write, and of those who can appreciate and support such writing. It is not entirely theological, but with articles of this class it mingles general criticism and politics, the complexion of the latter being extremely liberal. In this number, for instance, the subjects peculiarly its own, of Presbyterianism in Ireland, the Resurrection, the Bohemian Reformation, and the new Evangelical Alliance, are varied with very clever articles on Recent Poetry, the New Prospects of Free Trade with France, and Cromwell's Letters and Speeches.

#### POLITICS AND POLITICAL ECONOMY.

*Free Trade Taxation. The Principles of Sir Robert Peel's New Tariff Examined.* London, 1846. Allen and Co. We have read this pamphlet with attention, but we must confess our inability to obtain such a clear comprehension of the argument as would enable us to put it into few words. The author's design is to exhibit what he conceives to be a fallacy in free-trade principles, and he writes with a moderation of temper and fairness of tone that entitle him to a respectful hearing. The aim of his argument is to shew that articles of food should not be excepted from the rate of duty imposed upon other articles. But he does not appear to be conscious of the true reason upon which the principle of untaxed food is based, which indeed is seldom put forth, but

which has never yet been answered. We will briefly state it, because, if anybody could overthrow it, the intelligent author of this pamphlet is competent to do so, and it is worth the trouble, for until this argument is answered, the food question is impregnable. It is in few words as follows:

Food is the only commodity, the consumption of which is not in some measure proportioned to the wealth of the consumer.

When, therefore, we tax other commodities, we levy a tax which bears, with more or less of equity, some approach towards taxation in proportion to property.

But it is the peculiarity of all taxes upon food, and especially of a tax upon corn, that it not only does not tax the rich more than the poor, but it taxes the poor more than the rich; it not only does not do justice, but it commits an injustice.

And for this reason, that a poor man and his family consume more corn in a week than a rich man and his family, and if we take the corn consumed by either at 7s. for instance, and the tax upon that at 1s. you not only tax the rich and the poor alike, in nominal amount, but you take the 10th part of his income from the poor man, and only the thousandth part of his income from the rich man.

Therefore, a tax on food is really a poll-tax, and opposed to every rule of equitable taxation, which proportions the burden to the means. Nothing can correct this essential injustice.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*Some Account of the Territory or Dominion of Farney, in the Province and Earldom of Ulster.* By EVELYN PHILIP SHIRLEY, Esq. one of the Knights of the Shire for the county of Monaghan. London: Pickering.

THE interest of this work is not purely local. It is a laborious and learned essay illustrative of the early history of Ireland, whose character is exhibited in the events that occurred in the small territory with which Mr. SHIRLEY is so closely connected. Farney is, we believe, the inheritance of his family, and it must have been a labour of love to him to glean, from the mouldering records of the past, pictures of his ancestry their doings, and of the people by whom his domain was tenanted in successive ages. Nor could such a survey have been without practical advantage. The comparison between past and present times, the estate and the people upon it as they were and as they are, will materially assist his judgment when, in his character of legislator, he is required to remedy the evils that now render his native land the shame of civilization in the nineteenth century, and the one stain upon the glory of England. It will at least serve the purpose of saving him from the fever of "Young Ireland." It will have taught him that the times, which it is an article in the faith of that sect so to recreate, were days of lawlessness and bloodshed, when there was no security for property or life. Indeed, the story, as he tells it, is one continued narrative of massacre; scarcely one who, appears in it dies a natural death. It is a huge murder-roll. That which is now remorselessly practised by the peasantry, was then resorted to without scruple by the higher classes, who were, in truth, only freebooters, and made a boast of practices for which they would now be sent to the treadmill, or transported to the penal colonies, third class. A civilized community may not be quite so romantic to read of, but it is a great deal more comfortable to live in, and we recommend Mr. SHIRLEY'S volume to the attentive perusal of those fancied patriots, who, with more zeal than wisdom, are striving to restore a past state of society; the task is impossible, it is true, but the attempt may be productive of infinite misery.



*Precedents of Conveyances and other Instruments relating to the Transfer of Land to Railway Companies; with Introductory Matter and Explanatory Notes.* By HENRY TYR-WHITE FREND and T. HIBBERT WARE, Barristers-at-law. London, 1846. Reader.

THE object of this valuable volume is to assist the practitioner in the preparation of the instruments of the more ordinary occurrence, relating to the acquisition of lands in England, Wales, and Ireland, for railway purposes. The precedents are numerous, and classified under appropriate headings, suggested by the arrangement of the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act. Besides the forms appropriate to that statute, the editors have furnished a variety of miscellaneous precedents, such as of nominations and valuations by surveyors, and nominations of trustees to receive compensation; of arbitration, and of jury proceedings. Great industry and care have been bestowed upon the preparation of this volume, which is one of the most useful contributions of the season to the practical law library.

#### JOURNAL OF FRENCH LITERATURE.

*Tarass Boulba.* Translated from the Russian, by M. LOUIS VIARDOT.

HERE we have a genuine Russian novel, done into French by M. VIARDOT during his late sojourn at Petersburg, and rendered, as he assures us, almost literally from the original. Of the translator himself, it is superogatory to say more than merely to remind our readers of his great and well-merited reputation as a classical and learned writer; but M. GOGOL must be more specifically mentioned.

Since the deaths of the two poets, Pouckhine and Lermontoff (says M. Viardot in his preface), who both perished in the flower of their age in fatal duels, the name of M. Nicolas Gogol has held the first rank among Russian writers. \* \* \* In order to make him known in France, we have selected, among his novels, those which, in addition to their fame and their variety, we deemed preferable from the fact of their possessing a more universal character, which rendered them better calculated for transmission into another language, and adoption in another country. It is not for the translators of M. Gogol to sound his praises, or to draw attention to his original and picturesque style; a little coarse and wild, perhaps, like the manners and the country which he so faithfully portrays. The reader, on reaching the conclusion of the volume, will make the discovery without requiring to have it pointed out before hand.

TARASS BOULBA is one of the chieftains of the ancient Zaporoguan Cossacks, one of the most turbulent and warlike branches of the Cossack nation; and of which mention is made for the first time in the Polish annals of the sixteenth century. Masters of a great portion of the fertile plains and steppes of the Ukraine, in turn the allies and the enemies of the Russians, the Poles, the Tartars, and the Turks, the Zaporoguan were organised into a military republic, and offered a distant and coarse resemblance with the chivalric orders of Western Europe.

#### A COSSACK SETCH.

Their principal establishment, called the *setch*, (we again quote M. Viardot), was generally established on an island of the Dnieper. It was a collection of large huts, built of wood or earth, surrounded by a glacis, and bore as great a likeness to a camp as to a village. Each hut (their number never exceeded four hundred) could contain forty or fifty Cossacks. In summer, during the season of agricultural labour, the *setch* was thinly inhabited; but, in winter, it was always guarded by four thousand men. The remainder scattered themselves through the neighbouring villages, or dug subterranean dwellings for their winter use. The *setch* was divided into thirty-eight quarters or *Kourèn* (from *Kourit*, to smoke), and each Cossack inhabited his own *Kourèn*. Each *Kourèn*, called by a particular name, generally that of its primitive chief, elected an *Ataman*, whose power only lasted while the Cossacks, who were subject to his authority, were satisfied with his conduct.

The money and the clothes of the Cossacks of a *Kourèn* were deposited with the *Ataman*, who also let the shops and boats (*douby*) of his *Kourèn*, and kept the funds of the general chest. All the Cossacks of a *Kourèn* dined at the same table. \* \* The most striking feature, and that which particularly distinguished this military brotherhood, was the compelled celibacy of all its members during their reunion. No woman was admitted into the *setch*.

So much was necessary in order to enable our readers to comprehend the action of the story, which opens with the return of the two sons of TARASS BOULBA from the college of Kiew, on the completion of their studies, to their paternal home.

#### A FAMILY MEETING.

"Let us see; turn about. Lord, how odd you look! What does this priest's gown mean? Are you all made such figures as this of, at your academy?" Such were the words with which old Boulba welcomed his two sons, who had just got off their horses. They were both robust young men, but still had a meek look as was becoming in students, only recently escaped from their school-benches. Their countenances, full of health and vigour, were beginning to be overspread by that first down which is ignorant of the razor; and as the welcome of their father had greatly disconcerted them, they remained motionless, with their eyes fixed on the ground.

"Wait, wait; stop till I have examined you at my ease. Lord! what long gowns," he said, as he turned them round and round; "devils of gowns, to be sure! I don't believe that any like them were ever seen before in the world. Come, one of you just try to run a little, and I shall see if he can do it without breaking his nose, and tripping himself up with his skirts." "Father, do not laugh at us," said the eldest at length. "Upon my word! you are a fine gentleman. And why should I not laugh at you?" "Why, because—although you are my father, I swear that if you laugh much longer, I'll thrash you." "What, son of a dog! thrash your father?" cried Tarass Boulba, stepping back a pace or two in surprise. "Yes, even my father; when I am offended, I neither care for anything or any body." And how do you wish to thrash me? With your fists?" "I don't care in what way." "Let it be with your fists then," answered Tarass Boulba, tucking up his sleeves; "I'll see what sort of a man you are at this game." And, forthwith, father and son, instead of exchanging an embrace on meeting after a long absence, began to belabour each other about the ribs, the back, and the chest, with all their might.

"Only look here, good people; the old man has gone mad; he has quite lost his wits," said the poor mother, who, pale and attenuated, had stopped upon the door-step, and had not yet had an opportunity of embracing her beloved sons; "The children have come home; we have not seen them for more than a year; and now he has invented this piece of folly—knocking each other about with their fists!"

"He really fights very well," said Boulba, giving in; "It's a fact, very well indeed;" he added, arranging his sleeves; "so well that I should have done better not to try him. He'll make a good Cossack. Good day, son; let us embrace." And the father and the son embraced each other. "All's right, son. Thrash every one as you have thrashed me. Give no quarter. But that doesn't alter the fact that you are queerly caparisoned. What's this cord hanging here? And, you simpleton, what are you doing there, with your arms hanging down?" he added, addressing the youngest; "why, son of a dog, do you not thrash me also?" "What on earth is he inventing?" said the mother, as she embraced the youth; "who ever heard of asking a child to thrash his own father! and such a time to choose too! a poor lad who has travelled so far, and is so tired (the poor lad was more than one-and-twenty, and six feet high); he wants rest and something to eat, and you are asking him to fight."

"Hello! you are a prig, I suspect," said Boulba. "Son, don't listen to your mother; she's a woman, and knows nothing. What business have you great boys to be pampered? Your petting should be a wide plain and a good horse; that's the way you should be nursed. Do you see this sword? That's your real mother. All the jargon that they have crammed into your heads, is humbug. And as to your academies, and your books, and your A B C, and your

philosophy and all the rest, I spit upon it." And here Boulba added a word which will not bear printing. "The best thing to be done," he resumed, "is to send you, next week, to the *zaporogie*. There you'll find science; that's your school; that'll clear your wits." "What! are they to stay here only a week?" asked the mother, in a saddened voice, and with tears in her eyes; "the poor young things will not have time to amuse themselves, and to feel at home; and I shall scarcely have seen them." "Leave off howling, old woman; a Cossack is not made to waste his time with women. You would hide them under your petticoats, wouldn't you? and sit over them as a hen does over her eggs? Come, be off, put all you have got to eat on the table. We want no honey-cakes or fricasees; give us a whole sheep or a goat. Give us some mead, forty years old; and brandy, plenty of brandy; not brandy mixed with all sorts of ingredients, dried raisins, and such like rubbish, but pure brandy, that sparkles and foams as if it were mad."

Boulba led his sons to his room, and they were suddenly passed at the threshold by two handsome servant girls, covered with *monisters* (gold ducats, strung and worn as ornaments). Were they frightened at the sight of their young lords? Or, did they only seek to preserve the modest habits of their sex? Certain it is, that as the young men entered, they ran away screaming loudly, and for a long time afterwards they hid their faces in their sleeves. The room was furnished in the fashion of that time, of which the memory is only preserved in the *douma* (ancient ballads), and the popular songs which were formerly chanted in the Ukraine by old men with long beards, who accompanied themselves on the *bandoura* (a sort of guitar) in the centre of a crowd; and which were in the taste of that rude and warlike period, which witnessed the first struggles between the Ukraine and the Union (Schismatic-Greek religion). Every thing was rigidly clean. The floor and the walls were covered with a coating of shining and painted clay. Swords, whips (*magaikas*), birding and fishing nets, arquebuses, a curiously-carved powder-horn, a bridle, elaborately ornamented with plates of gold, and a pair of shackles spotted with little silver nails, were suspended round the room. The windows, which were very small, had round dim panes, such as are now to be met with only in a few old churches; and it was impossible to see through them without lifting up a little moving sash. The frames of the doors and windows were painted red. In the corners, and on the dressers, were ranged silver jugs, glass bottles of dark colours, cups of embossed silver, some of them gilt, and different specimens of handy-work, alike Venetian, Florentine, Turkish, and Circassian, which had come into possession of Boulba in various ways, as was common enough in that season of warlike enterprise. Wooden benches, with the bark still on them, ran all round the room; while an immense table, standing under the holy images, occupied one of the interior angles, and a tall and larger stove, divided into numerous compartments, and covered with varnished bricks of different colours, filled the opposite corner. All these objects were familiar to our two young people, who had paid a yearly visit to their home; they had been accustomed to perform the journey on foot, for they had at that time no horses, custom not permitting scholars to ride; and were still of an age at which the long locks on the tops of their heads might be pulled with impunity by every Cossack who bore arms. It was only when they left the college that Boulba had sent two young stallions to help them on their way.

Here we have a graphic description of

#### THE SETCH.

The Cossacks got off their horses, entered a ferry-boat, and after a passage of three hours, arrived at the island of Hortalza, where the *setch* was then located. A crowd of people were quarrelling on the bank with the watermen. The Cossacks again mounted; and Tarass assumed a haughty attitude, tightened his waistbelt, and smoothed his moustache with his fingers. His young sons also examined themselves from head to foot with a feeling of timidity; and then they entered together the faubourg which extended about half a verst beyond the *setch*. On their entrance they were deafened by the noise of fifty hammers which were beating the anvils in five-and-twenty underground forges, covered with grass. Vigorous tanners, seated upon the steps of their huts, were pressing cow-hides

between their muscular hands. Hawkers were standing under their tents with piles of flints, matches, and gunpowder. An Armenian was displaying a variety of rich stuffs; a Tartar was kneading dough, and a Jew, with his head bent down, was drawing brandy from a cask. But what principally attracted their attention was a Zaporoguan, who was keeping in the middle of the road, with his arms and legs outstretched. Tarass stopped full of admiration. "How the fellow is put together!" he exclaimed, as he examined him attentively; "what a fine frame it is!" The picture was, in fact, perfect. The Zaporoguan had laid himself across the road like a sleeping lion. His tuft of hair, flung proudly back, covered two palms of space about his head; and his pantaloons of fine red cloth were daubed with pitch, to shew how little he valued them. After having admired him at his ease, Boulba resumed his way through a narrow street, filled with trades carried on in the open air, and with men of all nations, who peopled this faubourg, which was like a fair, and by whom the *setch* was fed and clothed, its legitimate inhabitants doing nothing but drink, and fire off their muskets.

At length they passed out of the faubourg, and perceived several scattered huts, roofed with grass or felt, in the Tatar fashion. In front of some of these there was a battery of cannon. No inclosure or house was to be seen, with its steps and wooden pillars, as in the faubourg; while a little parapet of earth, and a gate left totally unguarded, revealed the excessive carelessness of the inhabitants. Some robust Zaporoguan, lying along the road, with their pipes in their mouths, looked at them as they passed without moving; and Tarass and his sons threaded their way cautiously among them, saying, "Good-day, my lords!" "Good-day to yourselves," was the reply. On every side picturesque groups were to be seen. The sunburnt faces of these men shewed that they had often fought in the battle-field, and had encountered all sorts of vicissitudes. Such was the *setch*, such was the den whence issued so many men as strong and proud as lions; such was the nursery whence the Cossack power spread itself over the whole of the Ukraine. The travellers crossed a wide square, where the council was habitually held. On a large cask which had been overturned, sat a Zaporoguan, without his shirt; he held it in his hand, and was gravely mending the holes. As they passed him, the road was again blocked up by a whole band of musicians, in the midst of whom a young Zaporoguan, with his cap resting upon one ear, was dancing frantically, and waving his hands above his head, while he cried unceasingly, "Quick, quick, musicians, quicker! Thomas, do not grudge your brandy to true Christians." And Thomas, who had a black eye, distributed large jugs full to the lookers-on. Round the young dancer, four old Zaporoguan were making a clattering with their feet, and then suddenly springing aside almost to the heads of the musicians, after which, bending the legs, they stooped nearly to the ground, and suddenly rising, struck the earth with the silver heels of their boots. The ground gave out a dull echo, and the air was full of the measured sounds of the *hoppah* and the *tropah* (Cossack dances). Among all these Cossacks there was one who shouted and danced with more violence than all the rest. His tuft of hair floated on every side, his broad chest was uncovered, but he still wore his winter pelisse, although the sweat was pouring down his face.

"Take off your pelisse;" at length shouted Tarass: "you see how hot it is." "It is impossible," shouted the Zaporoguan. "And why?" "It is impossible; I know myself; every thing I take off goes to the public-house." The drunkard was already without cap, waist belt, and embroidered handkerchief; all had gone as he said. The crowd of dancers increased every minute; and it was impossible to see, without a feeling of contagion, all this mob flinging through the figures of the maddest and freest dance that the world ever saw; and which is called, from the name of its inventors, the *Kasatchok*. "Oh! if I were not mounted," exclaimed Tarass, "I would have had a dance." Shortly afterwards, however, there might be seen among the crowd some aged, grave men, respected by all the *setch*, and who had been several times chosen as chiefs; among whom Tarass at once recognised a great many familiar faces; and his sons soon heard greetings exchanged between them; after which, all these warriors, collected there from the four quarters of Great Russia, embraced each other heartily, amid confusion of inquiries. "What is Kas-

sian about? and Borodavka? and Koloper? and Pidzichok?" And, to these of his own, Tarass Boulba received for answer that Borodavka had been hanged at Tolopan, Koloper flayed alive at Kisikermeyn, and that the head of Pidzichok had been salted, and sent in a cask to Constantinople. Old Boulba fell into a train of melancholy thought, and repeated several times, "Ah! they were good Cossacks! They were good Cossacks!"

These glimpses of strange and savage life are singularly attractive, and the simplicity with which they are written is the best voucher for their fidelity: but, while we admit their value as a psychological study, we lose much of our surprise at the pertinacity with which the Autocrat of all the Russias persecutes and discounts national literature. It is true that we are perusing a tale of past times, but very late experience serves to shew us that the same spirit of cruelty and disorder still exists in the country, although necessarily modified by the progression-state of the whole civilised world; which, however little it may yet have effected in the empire of the Czar, has nevertheless acted as a preventive, where it yet lacked the power to do more. The whips and the shackles, which formed a portion of the ornamental furniture of a Cossack gentleman in the time of Boulba, are by no means laid aside in the present day: the first, indeed, is in constant requisition on every occasion, and appears to fit every hand, from the horny palm of the sledge-driver to the taper fingers of the young beauty. But more, much more than this, may be traced in this old-world story, which might serve as well to delineate the feelings and manners of the moment; and to these points of resemblance, handed down as a national heir-loom, it cannot be necessary to direct the attention of our readers. M. GOGOL very *naïvely* ratifies the "Revelations of Russia"—had they required such ratification—and his book, even without its strong, but withal very painful, interest, is valuable from this very circumstance.

In order to do the author full justice, we must now give a specimen of his more pathetic style. The Zaporogians have besieged the town of Doubna, and are starving out the garrison. The daughter of the Governor, a beautiful girl whom Andry, Boulba's younger son, had seen and loved at Kiev, is with her father in the beleaguered city, and no sooner learns that he is present with the besieging army than she despatches her confidential attendant, a Tatar girl, to implore him to send her a small quantity of bread, to save her mother who is dying from famine. The woman succeeds in reaching him during the night, and he at once resolves to accompany her back into the town, with a supply of food, which she is too feeble to carry. Confiding in his honour and good faith, she leads him through a subterranean passage, which abuts upon the bank of a stream, and having traversed this vault, and the cathedral into which it opens, the tale thus continues.

#### A FAMISHED CITY.

They crossed the church unperceived, and found themselves in the great square. The sky was red with the morning light, and gave evidence that the sun was about to rise. The square was entirely deserted; but in the centre of the space stood a number of wooden tables, indicating that this was the provision market. The ground, which was not paved, was deep in dry mud, and in every direction were small houses built of bricks and clay, whose walls were supported by beams and joists crossing each other; while their sharp roofs were pierced with numerous dormer-windows. On one side of the square, near the church, stood an edifice which differed from the rest, and appeared to be the town-hall; but all was lifeless. Andry heard, however, some faint groans; and looking round him, saw a group of men lying motionless, and stooped down to examine them, being uncertain whether they were dead or asleep. As he did so, he stumbled over something, which proved to be the body of a Jewess; she appeared to be young, despite the horrible contraction of her features; her head was

covered with a handkerchief of red silk; two strings of pearls ornamented the fringes of her turban; a few locks of dishevelled hair fell over her fleshless neck; and near her lay an infant, who clung convulsively to her breast, which it had torn in its attempt to obtain nourishment. It had now ceased either to cry or to struggle, and it was only by the intermittent pulsation of its frame that life could be still distinguished. At the corner of a street they were stopped by a madman, who, seeing the precious burthen carried by Andry, sprang upon him like a tiger, shrieking "Bread! bread!"

His strength was not, however, equal to his voracity, for when the Zaporogian forced him back, he fell prostrate on the earth.

Moved with compassion, Andry flung him a loaf, which he seized, and began to devour greedily; but ere he had finished it, he expired as he lay, in horrible convulsions. At nearly every step they came upon some victim of famine. At the door of one house was sitting an old woman, but it was impossible to decide if she yet lived, for her face was buried in her bosom; whilst from the roof of a neighbouring house hung the tall, lean body of a man who, unable to contend against his sufferings, had put an end to his existence with a rope. At the sight of all these horrors, Andry could not resist exclaiming to the Tatar girl, "Can it, then, be really possible that, in so short a space of time these people found themselves without food? In such extremities as this, men are free to eat every thing—even what is forbidden by law."

"Every thing has been eaten," was the reply, "every thing that had life. You could not find a horse nor a dog, nor a rat, in the whole town. We had never collected provisions; every thing was brought in from the villages." "But how, amid such a scene of death, can you still persist in defending the town?" "The Vaivode would, perhaps, have surrendered; but early yesterday the *polkownik*, who is at Boujana, sent in a letter by a carrier pigeon, to desire that we should still hold out, for that he should shortly advance to raise the siege, and was only waiting the arrival of another *polk* (regiment) which was to reinforce him. We are now hourly expecting help;—but here we are at the house."

Andry had already remarked a building totally unlike the rest, and which appeared to have been the work of an Italian architect. It was of brick, and consisted of two stories; the lower windows were surrounded by frames of sculptured stone, and the upper apartments were ornamented with a succession of small arches, forming a gallery, while between the pillars, and in the angles, were iron gratings bearing the armorial shield of the family; while a large flight of steps, in painted brick, descended to the square. On the lowest of these were seated two sentinels, who held their halberds in one hand, and supported their heads upon the other, looking more like statues than living beings. They paid no attention to the entrance of the young Cossack, and at the head of the stairs he encountered a knight, clad in rich armour, with a book of prayers in his hand, who slowly raised his heavy eyelids, but, at the whispered communication of the Tatar girl, suffered them to fall once more upon the pages of the volume. They then entered a spacious saloon, filled with soldiers, cup-bearers, huntsmen, valets, and all the household suite which every Polish noble considered essential to his rank. All were alike seated, and silent. The room reeked with the unsavoury odour of a wax-light, which had just burnt out, and two others were still burning in candlesticks the height of a man, although the day-beams had long penetrated through the grated window. Andry was approaching a large oaken door, ornamented with heraldic sculpture, but the Tatar girl stopped him, and pointed out a smaller one sunk in a lateral wall. Thence they entered a corridor that admitted them into a room which the young Cossack examined attentively. A slender stream of light which made its way through a crevice of the blinds, fell across a red curtain, a gilded cornice, and the frame of a picture. He heard the faint murmur of a voice which made him shiver; and through the half opened door, he distinguished the slight figure of a woman. His guide soon afterwards returned, and bade him enter; he crossed the threshold, and the door closed after him. Two tapers were burning in the chamber, as well as a lamp before a holy image, under which, according to Catholic custom, stood a praying-chair. But these were not the objects on which he sought to look; and as he glanced in the opposite



direction, he saw a lady who had suddenly stopped short as she was about to approach him. Nevertheless, he stood motionless; for this was not the person whom he had expected to meet, or whom he had previously known. She upon whom he now gazed was far more beautiful; formerly there had been something wanting to complete her loveliness, but now she seemed like the creation of an artist, to which he had just given its last crowning-touch of perfection; formerly she was a thoughtless girl, now she had become a thoughtful woman, in all the splendour of her beauty. Her upraised eyes were full of emotion, and the tears which she had forgotten to wipe away gave them a brighter sparkle. Her form had attained the true limits of richly-developed beauty; and, while the greater portion of her luxuriant hair was gathered together with a comb, the remainder fell in long undulations over her neck and arms. Not only did her fearful pallor fail to destroy her beauty, but it invested it with a charm which was irresistible. Andry experienced an awe which kept him motionless, while she also maintained her attitude of admiring wonder, as she still continued to gaze upon the manly person of the young Cossack. Strength beamed from his eyes, beneath the long lashes that fringed them; health and youth sparkled on his sunburnt cheeks; and the dark moustache which fringed his lip was as fine and as bright as silk.

"I have not strength to thank you, generous cavalier," she said at length in an unsteady voice; "God only can reward you—" Her eyes fell beneath their ashy lids, her head drooped, and a slight suffusion spread over her features. Andry knew not how to reply. Fain would he have told her all he felt, in words as vivid as his emotion, but he could not succeed. His lips appeared to be sealed by some mystic influence; his words had no voice.

At this moment the Tatar girl entered the room. She had already cut the bread brought by Andry into small pieces, and she now presented it to her mistress upon a golden salver. The lady looked at her, then at the bread, and finally at the young Cossack; and that mute look, full of gratitude and joy, in which he could read all that her lips were unable to utter was more intelligible to him than the most laboured acknowledgment. His heart was lightened, and he was about to speak, when suddenly the fair woman beside him inquired earnestly of her attendant: "And my mother? have you given her bread?" "She sleeps." "And my father?" "He has some, and will shortly be here to thank the cavalier himself." Satisfied by these replies, the lady took a fragment of the bread, and carried it to her lips, while Andry watched in speechless delight the eagerness with which she swallowed it; but, suddenly he remembered the madman whom he had seen expire so lately while in the same act; and as the blood forsook his cheek, he seized her arm: "Enough," he said; "eat no more; you have been so long without food that bread is dangerous."

She withdrew her hand, and, replacing the bread upon the salver, looked up at Andry like a docile child.

#### JOURNAL OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

*The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau Alp.* By GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D.D. New York and London, 1846. Wiley and Putnam.

DR. CHEEVER knows the value of a name. His volume, he was well aware, would have had small chance of attracting the eyes of book-buyers if called that which it is, a Narrative of a Tour in Switzerland. Tours, travels, journals, note-books, recollections, letters to friends, not intended for publication, jottings, and such like devices for recording the impression made by that magnificent land upon the mind of the wanderer, have lost their charm by constant repetition; they are fairly worn out, and he who would command an audience must seek some other designation, whose novelty of aspect might give the reader hope of something new in substance. So Dr. CHEEVER bethought him; and setting to work his national and individual ingenuity, he invented the title-page copied above, and a very fine title-page it is, and a very attractive one, too; having no definite meaning; hinting much, but positively promising nothing; con-

jecting to the mind's eye a vision of a romance of real life, which shall combine the charm of fiction with the instruction of truth.

But duty compels us to dissolve any such vision that might be floating in the fancies of our readers, suggested by Dr. CHEEVER's title-page. The Pilgrim is a plain American citizen, who has crossed the Atlantic to see the lions of Europe. The shadow of the Jungfrau falls upon a very narrow circle; indeed, instead of being, as the name would imply, the record of wanderings in, on, and about the virgin Alp, exploring spots before untrodden, and venturing into places of peril that hold the breath suspended even to read of them, *The Pilgrim in the Shadow of the Jungfrau* is, in fact, nothing more than a memorial of a tour in the Oberland, over that self-same well-trodden highway which is threaded by at least ten thousand travellers every summer. Starting from Geneva, he descends the valley of the Rhine to Leuk, crosses the Gemmi to Interlachen; thence over the Wengern Alp to Grindlenwald and Meyringen; by the Grimsel and St. Gothard to Lucerne; thence to Zurich, the Baths of Peffers and Coire, and by the Splügen to Milan.

Such a route can offer little of novelty to our countrymen, however interesting it may be to the fellow-citizens of the traveller; nor has Dr. CHEEVER the faculty of giving an air of novelty to the most familiar topic by his manner of treating it. He has attempted to preserve a religious tone throughout, and omits no opportunity of throwing in the common-places which with the ignorant often pass for the language of piety, but he makes no new application of the sights he beholds to the furtherance of the cause he is so anxious to promote. He never implants a fresh thought, or suggests the first link of a new chain of ideas. But, on the other hand, he is a real lover of nature, his enthusiasm is genuine, and, like all real emotions, it rouses in his readers a sympathy which wins them to his pages. His numerous quotations from the poets, too, are always welcome, and help the picture he labours to portray. From such a work we cannot gather much that is likely to be new to those who have followed THE CRITIC from its commencement. The following passages, however, will be found to have something to recommend them, either in their matter or their manner. Here, for instance, are the very sensible remarks with which Dr. CHEEVER opens, and the truth of which will at once be recognized by all who have ever attempted to describe in words their impressions of Alpine scenery:—

#### THE DIFFICULTIES OF TOUR-WRITING.

In attempting to paint scenery by words, you are conscious of the imperfection of language, which, being a creation of the mind, is by no means of so easy use, skilfully and accurately, in delineating form, as in conveying thought. I am reminded of the curious experience related by Coleridge. "Some folks," he says, "apply epithets as boys do in making Latin verses. When I first looked upon the falls of the Clyde, I was unable to find a word to express my feelings. At last a man, a stranger to me, who arrived about the same time, said—'How majestic!' It was the precise term, and I turned round and was saying—'Thank you, sir, that is the exact word for it,' when he added in the same breath, 'Yes, how very pretty.'" It is easier to tell how nature affects the heart and mind, than to describe nature worthily; and the passages in our favourite poets, which go down deepest into the heart, and are kept as odorous gums or bits of musk amidst our common thoughts, are those which express not the features, so much as the voice of nature, and the feelings awakened by it, and the answering tones from the harp of immortality within our own souls. It is much easier for the imagination to create a fine picture, than for the mind to draw a real picture with power of imagination; for the soul works more feelingly and intensely in the ideal, than the accurate senses report ideally in the actual. What an exquisite picture has the sensitive sad genius of Henry Kirke White drawn of a

Gothic tomb! Had he been to copy it from some fine old churchyard or cathedral, it would not have been half so affecting, so powerful.

Lay me in the Gothic tomb,  
In whose solemn fretted gloom  
I may lie in mouldering state,  
With all the grandeur of the great:  
Over me, magnificent,  
Carve a stately monument:  
Then thereon my statue lay,  
With hands in attitude to pray,  
And angels serve to hold my head,  
Weeping o'er the marble dead.

How, then, says the authoress of some very beautiful letters to a mother from abroad, speaking of the land of Tell, over which we are about to wander, "how then can I describe, for there I could only feel?" And in truth, the country is so beautiful and sublime, that I believe, had Schiller seen it, he would have feared endeavouring to embody it in his immortal play. How courageous is imagination! And is it not well that it is so, for how much should we lose, *even of the real*, if the Poet drew only from reality! There is profound truth in this. And hence one of those homely and admirable observations, which, amidst gems of poetry, Coleridge was always dropping in conversation, as fast as a musician scatters sounds out of an instrument. "A poet," said he, "ought not to pick nature's pocket: let him borrow, and so borrow, as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory."

Yet can the Doctor paint well when he is in the mood. As witness:—

#### MARTIGNY AT NIGHT.

The evening at Martigny was transcendently beautiful, the weather being fine, the atmosphere wildly, spiritually bright, and the moon within one night of her fullness; "the moon above the tops of the snow-shining mountains." We ascended the hill near Martigny to the picturesque old Feudal Tower, by this moonlight, and rarely in my wanderings have I witnessed a scene to be compared with this. Looking down the valley, the outline is bounded by a snowy ridge of great beauty, but in the direction of the Grand St. Bernard mountains of dark verdure rise into the air like pyramidal black wedges cleaving the heavens. We are high above the village, and on one side can look down sheer into the roaring torrent, many hundred feet; it makes you dizzy to look. The ruins of the castle, the verdure around it, the village below, the silence of night, the summer softness of the air, combined with an almost autumnal brightness, the mountains in their grandeur sleeping in such awful, such solemn repose, the distant landscape, so indistinctly beautiful, the white rays of the moon falling in such sheets of misty transference over it, and the glittering snowy peaks which lift themselves before you like grey prophets of a thousand years, yea, like messengers from Eternity,—is there anything needed to make this *one* of the most magnificent scenes, and most impressive too, that we shall be likely to find in all Switzerland?

Dr. CHEEVER is a zealous Presbyterian, and holds in especial abhorrence the rule of Catholicism. He appears to have made particular inquiries into the condition of society and the state of government in the Catholic cantons. The results are certainly not such as to induce the philanthropist to desire for such rulers a more extensive sway. This is his answer to the question

#### HOW THE JESUITS GOVERN THE VALAIS?

I shall draw a description of their freaks from a Parisian journal before me, which answers the question, How the Jesuits govern the Canton du Valais? The Grand Council of the Canton, under direction of Jesuit Priests, have adopted a law respecting *illegal assemblies, and condemnable discussions and conversations*, of which the first article runs as follows:—Those who hold conversations tending to scandalize the Holy, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, or contrary to good morals, shall be punished with a fine of from 20 to 200 francs, and imprisonment from a month to two years. Also those who introduce, affix, expose, lend, distribute, or keep secretly and without authorization, writings or bad books, or carica-

tures which attack directly or indirectly the Holy Religion of the State and its Ministers. The objects designated shall be confiscated, and in case of a second offence, the highest amount of fine and imprisonment shall be doubled. Blasphemers are to be punished according to the criminal laws.

At Muhlinen he records a curious custom, which we commend to the consideration of our own pedagogues. There is novelty, at least, in the notion of punishing the parent instead of the child.

#### HOW THEY PUNISH TRUANT SCHOOLBOYS IN SWITZERLAND.

Our guide told us moreover a very curious regulation of the internal police of the school at Muhlinen, intended to keep the children from playing truant, which they accomplish effectually by working not upon the child's fear of the rod, or love of his studies, but upon the parent's love of his money. That is to say, if the children are absent, and as often as they are absent, a cross is put against the parent's name, and he is made accountable, and is fined, if he does not give satisfactory reason for the child's absence. Of course all the whippings for playing truant are administered by the parent, and therefore it being very sure, if there is a fine for the parent to pay, that the amount of it will be fully *endorsed* upon the child with a birch rod, the pupils take good care to keep punctual at school. No delinquent can escape, for no false excuse can be manufactured. It is a system which might perhaps be very useful in other arts besides that of school-keeping.

But we must not close a book called after the Jungfrau without exhibiting some passage that bears upon its nominal subject. This is Dr. CHEEVER's description of the famous

#### AVALANCHES OF THE JUNGFRAU.

Ordinarily, in a sunny day at noon, the avalanches are falling on the Jungfrau about every ten minutes, with the roar of thunder, but they are much more seldom visible, and sometimes the traveller crosses the Wengern Alp without witnessing them at all. But we were so very highly favoured as to see two of the grandest avalanches possible in the course of about an hour, between twelve o'clock and two. One cannot command any language to convey an adequate idea of their magnificence. You are standing far below, gazing up to where the great disc of the glittering Alp cuts the heavens, and drinking in the influence of the silent scene around. Suddenly an enormous mass of snow and ice, in itself a mountain, seems to move; it breaks from the toppling outmost mountain ridge of snow, where it is hundreds of feet in depth, and in its first fall of perhaps two thousand feet, is broken into millions of fragments. As you first see the flash of distant artillery by night, then hear the roar, so here you may see the white flashing mass majestically bowing, then hear the astounding din. A cloud of dusty, misty, dry snow rises into the air from the concussion, forming a white volume of fleecy smoke, or misty light, from the bosom of which thunders forth the icy torrent in its second prodigious fall over the rocky battlements. The eye follows it delighted, as it ploughs through the path which preceding avalanches have worn, till it comes to the brink of a vast ridge of bare rock, perhaps more than two thousand feet perpendicular. Then pours the whole cataract over the gulf, with a still louder roar of echoing thunder, to which nothing but the noise of Niagara in its sublimity is comparable. Nevertheless, you may think of the tramp of an army of elephants, of the roar of multitudinous cavalry marching to battle, of the whirlwind tread of ten thousand bisons sweeping across the prairie, of the tempest surf of ocean beating and shaking the continent of the sound of *torrent floods* or of a *numerous host*, or of the voice of the Trumpet on Sinai, exceeding loud, and waxing louder and louder, so that all the people in the camp trembled, or of the rolling orbs of that fierce chariot described by Milton,

Under whose burning wheels  
The steadfast empyrean shook throughout.

It is with such a mighty shaking tramp that the Avalanche down thunders. Another fall of still greater depth ensues, over a second similar castellated ridge or reef in the face of the mountain, with an awful majestic slowness, and a tre-

menoudous crash, in its concussion, awakening again the reverberating peals of thunder. Then the torrent roars on to another smaller fall, till at length it reaches a mighty groove of snow and ice, like the slide down the Pilatus, of which Playfair has given so powerfully graphic a description. Here its progress is slower, and last of all you listen to the roar of the falling fragments, as they drop, out of sight, with a dead weight into the bottom of the gulf, to rest there for ever. Now figure to yourself a cataract like that of Niagara (for I should judge the volume of one of these avalanches to be probably every way superior in bulk to the whole of the Horse-shoe fall), poured in foaming grandeur, not merely over one great precipice of 200 feet, but over the successive ridgy precipices of two or three thousand, in the face of a mountain eleven thousand feet high, and tumbling, crashing, thundering down, with a continuous din of far greater sublimity than the sound of the grandest cataract. Placed on the slope of the Wengern Alp, right opposite the whole visible side of the Jungfrau, we have enjoyed two of these mighty spectacles, at about half an hour's interval between them. The first was the most sublime, the second the most beautiful. The roar of the falling mass begins to be heard the moment it is loosened from the mountain; it pours on with the sound of a vast body of rushing water; then comes the first great concussion, a booming crash of thunders, breaking on the still air in mid heaven; your breath is suspended, as you listen and look; the mighty glittering mass shoots headlong over the main precipice, and the fall is so great, that it produces to the eye that impression of dread majestic slowness, of which I have spoken, though it is doubtless more rapid than Niagara. But if you should see the cataract of Niagara itself coming down five thousand feet above you in the air, there would be the same impression. The image remains in the mind, and can never fade from it; it is as if you had seen an alabaster cataract from heaven.

All who have travelled in Switzerland will recognize the peculiar truth and beauty of this picture of

#### NIGHT IN THE ALPS.

The stillness of evening in Switzerland is accompanied with a soft music from the thousand mountain torrents, which roar with such a shouting voice at noon day, loosened by the sun from the glaciers, and then subside into a more quiet, soul-like melody. It is like the wind, strong blowing on an Eolian harp with loud strains, and then sinking down into faint aerial murmurs. So at evening, the streams being partially pent up again in ice, the sound grows less in body, but more distinct in tone, and more in unison with the sacred stillness of the hour. It is like changing the stops in an organ. The effect has been noted both by plain prose travellers and imaginative poets, and nothing can be more beautiful. The lulled evening hum of the busy world, and the dim twilight of the air, and the gradual stealing forth of the modest stars after the heat and glare of the day, are in harmony. As in Milton,

At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound  
Rose like a steam of rich-distilled perfumes,  
And stole upon the air.

For at such an hour the music of nature, passing into solemn voices of the night, seems rather like the hushing strains from invisible harps of celestial intelligences floating in the atmosphere, than like any music from material things. Some of the finest lines ever composed by the Poet Rogers were called forth by the perception of these stilly notes and almost imperceptible harmonies of evening. I say almost imperceptible, because a man busied with external things, or even engaged in social talk, will scarce notice them. The mind must be in somewhat of a pensive mood, and watching with the finer senses. A traveller must be alone, or must say to his friend, Hush! listen!

We have read many eloquent protests against republicanism, but never one more earnest than this from the pen of a republican.

#### REPUBLICANISM BY A REPUBLICAN.

They have in Switzerland Romish Republics, but is republicanism a cure for intolerance? Will it unloose the fettered souls of the people? No more than the mountain winds and the summer months unbind the glaciers. In almost every Romish Republican state in Switzerland the profession of Protestantism

is followed by the loss of the rights of citizenship, as well as incapacity to fill any public office in the State. I speak the language of a Swiss citizen himself, who reminds me of the example of his own Christian friend, M. Pfyffer, formerly a professor of history in the College at Lucerne, but who, on becoming a Protestant, lost both his place of professor and his rights as a citizen. He went to live at Lausanne, a voluntary exile from a country where he would inevitably be persecuted. Nevertheless, they have at Lucerne the most republican institution,—they have universal suffrage,—but in addition to this, they have Romanism and the Jesuits. Give to these agents the requisite majority of votes and supremacy of power, and the froaks of persecution may be even more startling and ferocious in a republic than a monarchy. Universal suffrage, once fired by the spirit of intolerance, may be worse than State edicts on a people, with whom to hear is to obey. They wear their fetters in their souls, who wear them as a part of the mob that forged them. Many masters are more intolerable than one.

These extracts will suffice to shew the quality of the work from which they are taken. It will be seen that Dr. CHEEVER can write well, and we hope to renew acquaintance with him on less exhausted themes.

#### Ware's Life of Henry Ware, jun.

[SECOND NOTICE.]

"HE was dedicated to the ministry almost from the cradle, both by his own predilections and the wishes of his friends, and his earlier and later culture was all directed with a view to this end. 'I doubt, indeed,' says his brother, 'whether the idea of a different destination ever presented itself seriously, or for any length of time, from the days when he preached a juvenile sermon of his own composition from a cradle turned on end as a pulpit, to that in which he actually assumed the office of a minister of the gospel, and made his appearance in the sacred desk.' The plan thus early conceived was followed out with remarkable unity of purpose and a resolute will, through his whole career. The great business of his life was to be a religious teacher, and it seemed never to enter into his head that he could have any other. Various purposes and engagements, seemingly divergent from this object, were still in his view brought to bear upon it, and made subservient to its accomplishment. As an author, either in prose or poetry, as a teacher in the University, when the failure of his health made him an invalid or a traveller, his chief care, and in fact his only one, was the care of souls. The pulpit was his home, and the duties pertaining to the sacred office occupied the whole measure of his time and his ambition. Literary fame or reputation as a preacher he never coveted, and no one was so much astonished as himself when they came unsought. The success of his sermons or his publications was never gauged in his mind by any other standard than that of their direct, practical effect on the conduct and consciences of men. His literary and social talents, his oratorical powers, his ability to interest, move, or convince the minds of others, were prized by him, not for their own sake, or for the place which they acquired for him in the public estimation, but as means for the furtherance of this one purpose. They did not increase, they rather diminished, his self-satisfaction, because they enlarged his responsibility.

"The traits of character which enabled him to accomplish so much in the world were his extreme conscientiousness and his strength of will. His life was not a long one, and it was broken by frequent and long-continued illness. He had to struggle also with great natural diffidence, and something of bodily inactivity and indolence of disposition. He speaks with great feeling of his sufferings on the former account, and in the same sentence he shows by what means he was able to overcome the difficulty.



"All my power of doing any thing, which has led to the reputation I have got, (God knows how little I deserve it, and there are moments when I think of it with unspeakable wonder and shame, for I cannot take to myself any credit,) has been owing to a stern resolution and vow to throw off my diffidence, and substitute for it a certain nonchalance and affected indifference. This was hard to do, and I suffered enough; but gradually I did it, and now, after ten years' practice, I am pretty bold. I had my fears, my mortifications, my horrors of all kinds; but I determined to overcome them, or they would have overcome me."

"This explains a peculiarity in his appearance, a certain bluntness of manner and speech, which often surprised those who were well acquainted with his real amenity of disposition. This roughness of address was only a rigid mask resolutely put on to hide and correct the nervous and shrinking spirit that was torturing him within. In another place, speaking of this sensitiveness and of his constitutional indolence, he says: 'Tongue cannot tell what I suffered. I shrank from duties important and not really difficult, in the same state of mind in which Cowper shrunk from his post in Parliament. But this only made the matter worse; it increased my sensitiveness, and added to it the pangs of a guilty conscience.' The advice which he gave on this occasion, for he was writing to one who had complained to him of similar difficulties, is so good, and throws so much light on his character, that we extract it entire.

"1. Resolve resolutely that *nothing whatever*, either in your feelings or circumstances, shall deter you from doing what you think you ought. This determination of mind is a great point, I can tell you. Never stand and think about it, and dread it, but go at once and do it, and have it over. You remember the coward dies a thousand deaths in fearing one. I have died ten thousand in the agony of these fears;—but there was no need of it.

"2. 'Persuade yourself that you are somebody, at least in the eyes of other people, and have a right, from your education and situation, to assume something;—which will be readily allowed you, if you do not act the upstart tyrant. O, how long it was before I found this out; or could believe that others looked on me as any thing more than little Henry Ware, or were ready to receive kindly and with deference whatever I should say!'

"How many suffer from these causes, and how few have the strength of purpose necessary to trample them under foot, as did Mr. Ware! The pain was increased in his case by his conscientiousness, which was so acute as to be almost morbid, and which never failed to be awakened when these feelings had led him to shrink from the fulfilment of any duty, however slight. Having profited so much in his own case from cultivating a determined will, he was fond of inculcating this duty upon others, and was never more eloquent than in describing the marvels which it might accomplish. It never did more for mortal man than for himself. In that short life, through all the obstacles and hindrances which we have enumerated, what an amount of labour of the highest and most difficult character did he perform, and how wide and lasting was the impression he left on the minds and hearts of all who came within the sphere of his writings or his voice! The purity of his motives gave him strength; the simplicity of his manner added to its force; the singleness of purpose with which he laboured always made his work effectual. If he had written or preached from ambitious or personal motives, to gain the applause or confidence of men, and thus extend his influence among them, his words would have fallen comparatively lifeless. But they were winged with his earnestness of spirit, and with what was not so much self-devotion as entire forgetfulness of self. No wonder, then, that they reached their mark, and left indelible traces where they fell.

"His manner as a preacher was very characteristic,

and shewed in some measure the secret of his power. The peculiarity of his physical temperament already alluded to affected his delivery, and a degree of sluggishness and monotony of manner at first impeded the effect of his sermons. This outer crust kept the intensity of his feelings imprisoned within for a while, but only made the contrast more startling, when the pent-up spirit at length broke forth, like the lightning from a cloud. We never heard any thing in the way of eloquence which surpassed the electric and thrilling effect of two or three sentences from Mr. Ware. Then, indeed, the cloud would settle down again over his utterance, his intellect would recover the mastery over his feelings that had been suspended for a moment, and the attention of his hearers would be recalled to his firm and logical evolution of the subject of discourse. The effect of his sermons was aided also by the hearer's vivid perception of his sincerity, and by the spirit of reverence and deep devotion with which he engaged in his work. In his manner, no less than in what he uttered, he seemed to say, 'I have a message from God unto you;' and his earnestness and solemnity were such as befitted the awful mission.

"The attractiveness of the name and character of Mr. Ware has betrayed us into this imperfect and rambling sketch of his moral qualities, while the very minute and interesting biography of him by his brother, Dr. John Ware, lies before us as yet unnoticed. Some idea of his intellectual endowments, and of the extent and value of the works which he has left behind him, may be gleaned from a brief review of the incidents of his life. This volume, in which are embodied copious extracts from his private journals and correspondence, contains all the materials requisite for a complete delineation of the man. The extracts, which are selected with good taste and judgment, give the history of Mr. Ware's mind and the nature of his opinions in his own words, and the impression which they leave coincides perfectly with the idea formed of his character by those who were intimate with him during his life. They shew the warmth of his affections, his conscientiousness, and his devotion to truth and to the highest interests of mankind. Those which relate to his residence in Europe are very lively and entertaining, evincing excellent powers of observation, a highly cultivated taste, and correct judgment of men and things. The writer of the memoir has executed his task with discretion and marked ability, and though his pen was evidently guided by strong affection for his deceased brother, he shews no tendency to exalt his merits in an undue degree, or to claim for him a higher place than will readily be conceded in the judgment and affections of men. It is a modest, succinct, and faithful biography, excellently well written, and full of interest and instruction for all classes of readers.

"Henry Ware, jun. the fifth child and eldest son of Dr. Ware, was born at Hingham, on the 21st of April, 1794. As a child, he appeared docile, thoughtful, and studious, but exhibited no precocity of talent. He was fond of writing, and by his early and frequent attempts at composition, both in prose and verse, he acquired that facility in the expression of his ideas for which he was always remarkable. Dr. Allyn, of Duxbury, a classmate and friend of his father, was his teacher for a year or two, and after the removal of the family to Cambridge his studies were pursued under the direction of a recent graduate of the college. One year, also, he spent at Phillips Academy, in Andover; and having completed his preparation there, he was admitted to the Freshman class in Harvard College, at the commencement in 1808. While an undergraduate, he lived at his father's house, and did not form many intimacies within the college walls. He was faithful to his studies, but did not take a distinguished stand as a scholar, and seemed in nowise ambitious of excelling his classmates. Indeed a lack of

ambition was characteristic of him through life; the desire of reputation among men seemed never to be among his motives of action. He graduated in 1812, and delivered a poem at the commencement on the Pursuit of Fame, which was favourably received.

"The two years after leaving college were spent at Exeter, New Hampshire, as assistant instructor at the academy there, under the charge of Dr. Benjamin Abbot. He was young for such a post, having but just passed his eighteenth year; and the trial was a more serious one for him on account of his extreme diffidence and shyness. But by great efforts he so far conquered these difficulties, that strict attention to his duties and his good attainments soon made him acceptable as a teacher, while his frank and gentle manners won the friendship and esteem of all who knew him. On these two years he always looked back with as much pleasure as on any period of his life; his work in the Academy was not irksome or arduous, he was in the midst of agreeable society, his mind became fixed as to the choice of a profession, and the hours not occupied in instructing others were pleasantly and profitably devoted to his preparatory studies for the ministry. Twenty-five years afterwards, on occasion of the Abbot Festival, when so many of the old friends and pupils of the aged principal gathered around him to congratulate him on the completion of the half-century of his services as the head of the Academy, Mr. Ware revisited Exeter, and showed by the almost boyish exhilaration of his spirits how pleasant were the recollections of his former residence in the place. He wrote a song which was sung at the public dinner then given, and which was received with great delight from its mixture of quiet humour and deep feeling.

In August, 1814, he returned to Cambridge, and pursued his theological studies a year longer under the direction of his father. The University did not then provide any stated means of instruction for candidates for the ministry, and it is probable, therefore, that his reading was somewhat desultory; but his zeal and conscientiousness made up for the lack of regular training, and he afterwards appeared well informed on the subjects of his profession, though not a distinguished theological scholar. During this year he delivered two poems in public, one of which, on the conclusion of the treaty of peace with Great Britain, was afterwards printed; the other was the annual poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society. Mr. Ware wrote verses with astonishing facility, and frequently cultivated this talent for his own amusement, but very seldom published what he wrote. Among those which he printed, the lines to the *Ursa Major*, and those entitled the *Hour of Prayer*, are very striking and beautiful poems, showing an extraordinary command of imagery and versification.

"Mr. Ware began to preach in the autumn of 1815, and a paper written a few months before, which he marked, 'To be opened and read for improvement, once a month,' though it was probably seen by no one during his lifetime, shows with what humility and devout earnestness he entered on the solemn duties of his calling. There was nothing brilliant in his first appearance as a preacher, and neither he nor his friends were disappointed when it was found that his sermons attracted no particular notice. He was only surprised when he attained popularity and eminence some years afterwards. A few discerning persons, however, were favourably impressed by the spirit and unction with which, as a beginner, he conducted the services; and as he acquired confidence and steadily improved in manner, he made a stronger impression, so that, about a year after he began to preach, he received an invitation to settle over the Second Church in Boston. He accepted the call, and was ordained on the 1st of January, 1817.

"It was more as a pastor than a preacher that Mr.

Ware first acquired a strong hold upon the affections of the people under his charge. Struggling with timidity and self-distrust, he went about among the members of his parish, who belonged chiefly to the middle classes of society, and, by the affectionate earnestness and truly Christian spirit of his ministrations, soon won their confidence, and at last their cordial esteem and love. He was indefatigable in his labours, and, indeed, by multiplying the duties connected with his office, and engaging in them with a generous but indiscreet ardour and perseverance, he exhausted the powers of a constitution naturally slender, and laid the foundation of the serious complaints with which he had to contend for the last fifteen years of his life. His hopes were answered in the magnitude of the effect he was permitted to produce on the hearts and consciences of those to whom he ministered, but success was purchased by the prostration of his bodily powers and a premature death. He instituted informal meetings of young persons for religious improvement, first at his own house, and afterwards at the church. Conversation was the allotted mode of spending the time, but of course he took far the largest share in it, and soon, in fact, occupied nearly the whole evening with the communication of his own ideas. These private exercises were a source of greater enjoyment to him than the more stated meetings, and probably he was not aware how serious a draft they made upon his capacity for labour. He wrote largely also for religious periodicals, and gave much time and effort to the prosecution of occasional schemes of philanthropy and the inculcation of Christian sentiments among all classes of people. Unfortunately, also, his indolent temperament made him irregular in the disposition of his time, and for the neglect of some assigned duty at the proper period his conscience compelled him to make atonement by performing it at unseasonable hours, and thereby omitting intended bodily exercise or repose. He laboured, moreover, in the establishment of extraordinary religious meetings for the poor, who had no fixed places of worship, and had the happiness a few years afterwards of seeing the excellent institution called the Ministry at Large grow out of this humble beginning.

"Meantime his reputation as a preacher had much increased, and he had found by his own experience—if his humility had permitted such a reflection—the truth of the maxim which he was wont afterwards to impress upon his pupils, that 'the great requisite' for excellence in this department 'is a devoted heart.' Acting on such a generous mind as his, the discovery that his sermons were more eagerly listened to only made him bestow more effort on the preparation of them, because preaching was now a more efficient means of usefulness. In 1824, he published his 'Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching,' a subject on which his own facility of speech, acquired by earnest and untiring effort, empowered him to be a teacher. It is an excellent essay, written in very simple and chaste language, and abounding in sensible and practical suggestions. About this time, also, his 'Recollections of Jotham Anderson,' first published piece-meal in a religious periodical, were collected and printed in a separate volume. It is a religious fiction in form, but in reality a work on practical piety, in which is embodied much of his own spiritual experience, and some personal recollections which his modesty led him to ascribe to an imaginary personage. Artless, persuasive, and pious in tone, this little book affords a charming portrait of Mr. Ware's own mind, and its popularity and usefulness have been very great. Shortly afterwards, he published a small volume of sermons on the 'Offices and Character of Jesus Christ,' and began the preparation of a 'Commentary and Family Bible;' this task, however, he never completed."

(To be continued.)

## JOURNAL OF NATURAL HISTORY.

[It is intended in this division of THE CRITIC to collect communications of facts observed in Natural History, for which at present there exists no medium. Correspondence is requested.]

**REMARKABLE PHENOMENON.**—A most curious phenomenon was visible on the 20th ult. at Verona. The following particulars are given by M. Parteret, professor at that town. Towards eight in the morning, circles of various tints were visible round the disc of the sun; various other circles were visible in a vertical direction, adjoining the first-mentioned circles. A horizontal circle of the apparent diameter of the great luminary itself was passing before the sun—this circle was white. On its circumference, two coloured reflections of the sun were visible, one at the right and one at the left, and a third was visible exactly opposite the sun itself. Thus were four suns visible in the heavens at the same moment. This magnificent light lasted nearly half an hour.

**EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION.**—There is at this moment at the house of Mr. Andrews, of the Ram Inn, Worcester, a bitch suckling two kittens, which she purloined under the following singular circumstances:—It seems the bitch brought forth a dead pup, and shortly afterwards a cat, belonging also to Mr. Andrews, gave birth to a kitten. In the absence of puss the bitch deliberately proceeded to her retreat and stole the kitten, which she immediately laid in her kennel and gave suck to it. Soon afterwards the cat produced another kitten, which was placed in the dog's kennel, the No. 1 kitten being removed. The bitch, however, detected the trick, and immediately paying another visit to puss's den fought desperately with her for the possession of the first born, which she succeeded in seizing and bearing off in triumph to her own "chambers." She continues to feed both of the young Grimalkins, and will not allow the natural mother and guardian to approach them.

**THE BIRDS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.**—Amongst other novel species which have been reared in this country, are three cygnets from the black swans of Australia, eight Egyptian geese, and two Chinese ducks, whilst several other varieties are now sitting. The collection at present contains three varieties of swans, eight of geese, fifteen of ducks, one sheldrake, two gulls, and seventeen other individual species of water birds.

## JOURNAL OF SOCIAL ECONOMY AND EDUCATION.

**HEALTH OF TOWNS STATISTICS.**—From a very interesting report on this important subject just made to the association at Liverpool, it is stated that, in that town alone, there are 3,611 deaths a year more than there ought to be. Dr. Playfair has made an estimate of the annual excess of cases of sickness at 101,108. The following are the prominent results of these two statements:—Out of those 3,611 deaths, there are 2,063 adults; and every individual born in the town loses on an average 21½ years of life. It will be perceived that there is also a great mortality among children; and, of those who arrive at adult age, every one loses 12½ years of the natural term of existence. The amount of pecuniary loss from these causes has been calculated by Dr. Playfair as follows:—Taking the ordinary expense of funerals at 5*l.* each, the extra cost under this head would be 18,055*l.* If the productive labour of each individual be assumed as worth 10*s.* per week, the total annual loss of labour would amount to 953,225*l.* Again, supposing each case of sickness to involve an expense of 1*l.* an annual loss of 101,108*l.* would be the result from this cause alone; so that the first direct loss to the community would be no less than 1,072,388*l.* per annum, in addition to the great expense of medical charities, which in Liverpool have a constant struggle for existence, on account of the heavy demands on them from the bad sanitary state of the town. The support of a large number of widows and orphans is continually entailed upon the public. In March, 1844, there were 1,895 widows and 1,834 children under fourteen years of age, dependent on them, in the receipt of out-door relief, in the parish of Liverpool, in addition to widows and orphan children in the workhouse: there were 344 of the latter. It has been proved that the number of fever cases occurring between the ages of twenty and thirty, is nearly

equal to the number taking place at all other ages put together; and this, the scourge of unhealthy neighbourhoods, does not choose the weak and sickly for its victims, but hardworking mechanics, in the very prime of their usefulness to society. During an epidemic at Glasgow, out of 429 persons attacked with fever, only ten were emaciated and unhealthy in appearance, and only sixty-five were of spare habit, all the others being vigorous. Now to form an estimate of the expense of fever, a disease arising from preventable causes, it should be remembered that, during one epidemic in Liverpool, the North and South Dispensary attended 5,779 cases, and to these must be added the number attended in the Fever Hospital, and other charities, as well as by private practitioners. It was found that in two parishes in London the cost of relief for fever cases alone, independent of every other disease, was 2,467*l.* 16*s.* in one year. The parish authorities of Liverpool and West Derby will be the most competent parties to estimate the amount of poor-rate necessary to meet the expenses arising from fever and other preventable diseases in their boundaries.

The experiment made at Glasgow of the practicability of establishing a public nursery for the care of children whose parents are prevented by their avocations from taking care of them at home, or of children who are orphans, has proved successful. Although a charge is made for board and attendance, the number of applications for admission has been greater than could be complied with. "Applications for admission," says the annual report, "are becoming daily more frequent and urgent; and, as the working classes are becoming more sensible of the advantages of the institution, it is obvious that much greater accommodation will soon be required for this large community. Indeed, so successful has been the undertaking, and so completely does it answer the object intended, so far as limited means and limited accommodation would permit, that there is no doubt that Glasgow will not long be the only city in this country that can boast of a nursery institution." Healthy children, from eighteen months to six years of age, are admitted at the nominal charge of eightpence per week. Those who wish their children admitted as day-boarders only are charged a shilling per week. "Their food consists of porridge and milk for breakfast; a roll at eleven o'clock; usually broth, with beef and potatoes, for dinner; and bread and milk or porridge for supper; and care is taken that they have at all times a sufficient supply. Particular attention is also paid to the cleanness, comfort, and health of the children. The cribs are kept scrupulously clean; the rooms in good order, well aired, and in winter, or when necessary, provided with fires."

**SCHOOLMASTERS' SOCIETY.**—On the 11th inst. the annual meeting of this society, which is established on the principle of life assurance, for the benefit of masters and ushers of boarding schools, their widows and orphans, was held in the board-room of the Literary Fund Society, Great Russell-street. The Rev. Dr. Morris in the chair. The Rev. Drs. Mager and Russell, the Rev. Messrs. Ronsall, Spyers, Wallford, and Pottecarry, E. Wyndham, esq. and other zealous supporters of this excellent institution, were present. Octavius Blewitt, esq. read the report. The receipts, including 50 guineas from her Majesty and 50*l.* from the King of the French, were 579*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.* and the expenditure, including 278*l.* 14*s.* 9*d.* given to 37 applicants for relief and 100*l.* invested in the funds, amounted to 408*l.* 4*s.* 2*d.* The report was adopted, and thanks were voted to the chairman.

## THE TOURIST.

[All the world travels now-a-days. Great, therefore, will be the utility of a periodical to which every Tourist may communicate such of his experiences as to routes, sights, conveyances, inns, expenses, and the other economies of travelling, as may serve his fellow-tourists. To this design we propose to devote a distinct department of THE CRITIC, and we invite communications of the class described relative to travelling both abroad and at home.]

**CENTRAL AUSTRALIAN EXPEDITION.**—The required party is now organizing for the purpose of proceeding to the relief of the gallant Captain Sturt and his party, and will leave Adelaide about the 15th instant. Captain Sturt left the depôt at which he had formed his head-quarters in that part of the desert which has, through his indefatigable explorations, acquired the definition of "Australia Petrea," about the middle



of July last, and intended, after visiting Mount Hopeless and examining the head of Lake Torrens, to proceed from 300 to 400 miles in a north-westerly direction, which would bring him into the heart of the interior; or, if his theory is a correct one, to the inland sea. The original party was equipped for a year, which period expired on August 10th, 1845; but, as they had been some months on a reduced scale, and Captain Sturt would have barely sufficient provisions left to enable him "to go ahead," it became necessary to send home for supplies to meet him on his return. The homeward-bound party—as we have learned from Captain Sturt's interesting despatches published some weeks ago—was, on the untimely death of Mr. Poole, placed under the orders of Mr. Louis Piesse, who arrived in Adelaide (bringing a party of only four men nearly 800 miles) in the early part of September last. As far as we understand, the party now going out to meet Captain Sturt will not proceed into the desert after him, as his route there will necessarily be uncertain; but will intercept him on his return in the neighbourhood of the large lakes adjacent to the Darling. The route will be by the Murray, passing Lake Bonney and Lake Victoria, to the Darling, and then up the course of the latter river. It is not perhaps generally known to our readers that the floods in these rivers occur in the summer months, during which period the adjacent flats and low lands are inundated. The cause of this apparent discrepancy in the usual order of things experienced by us here arises from the great distance of the tributaries of the rivers. The Goulburn, Hume, Moorumbidgee, Castlereagh, Namoi, Gwyder, and Dumaresq, are the chief tributaries of the Darling. The course of the rivers after the junction of the tributaries, is through a general low level country, and hence the full floods do not reach the lower part of the rivers till some months after the rainy season. The Darling is a tributary to the Murray, and hence that portion of the Murray which is in this province receives the drainage of all the principal streams of the located districts of New South Wales. The floods occasion considerable difficulty in travelling, inundating or insulating the grassy flats, and compelling the traveller to take many devious and circuitous routes. Mr. Louis Piesse, having "summered it and wintered it" for so many months, and having brought the party back in safety, and within the period calculated on by Captain Sturt, we are glad to learn that his excellency has placed the relief party under the orders of so steady and judicious a leader, and the British and colonial friends of Mr. Louis Piesse will be gratified to know that Captain Sturt's warm commendations of him were not confined to the official despatches. It will be seen, on reference to a modern map of the known parts of Central Australia, that the Darling, during 600 miles of its course, has no visible tributary, and such appears to be the fact. The floods originate from very remote causes; nevertheless, large accumulations of weeds and quantities of fish accompany the waters in their impetuous course. We understand that some of our enterprising colonists, who are always on the look-out for new cattle-runs or sheep-pastures, talk of accompanying Mr. Piesse some distance up the banks of the Darling. Whilst we are of opinion that the accession of such a party of volunteers would be a great acquisition, we believe the advantages would be reciprocal, and some very favourable results might be fairly anticipated.—*Adelaide Observer*, Oct. 11.

## ART.

### ART UNIONS.

We supply a few details connected with the progress and management of Art Unions, as well as the opinions on some important points in the administration of their affairs of some of the leading witnesses examined by the Parliamentary committee.

**THE LONDON ART UNION.**—This society was formed in 1837 on the *débris* of one which had existed for two years, but had proved comparatively unsuccessful. The constitution and objects of the London Art Union are well known. The chief objections urged against the society are its distribution of its prizes in money instead of in pictures selected by a competent committee, and its government by a council which cannot be removed at the will of the subscribers, vacancies as they have occurred being filled up by the body itself. The

whole management, financial and directorial, of the affairs of the society, is confided to this council, which, with the exception of Mr. Barry, does not include a single artist. The secretaries are honorary; there is, however, an assistant secretary at 150*l.* a clerk at 50*l.* and a messenger. It was at first proposed to select the subject for the annual engraving from the prizes, but this was given up, on the ground that the collection did not always contain a picture worth engraving. The amount of the subscriptions to the London Art Union for the year 1837 was 489*l.* 6*s.*; for 1838, 751*l.* 1*s.*; for 1839, 1,295*l.* 14*s.*; for 1840, 2,224*l.* 18*s.*; for 1841, 5,562*l.* 18*s.* for 1842, 12,905*l.* 11*s.*; for 1843, 12,344*l.* 7*s.*; for 1844, 14,292*l.* 12*s.* In 1844, the collection of prizes purchased by the prizeholders was exhibited to 200,000 persons. The number of paintings purchased each year is stated to be, in 1841, 132; in 1842, 269; and in 1843, 234. It appears that during the seven years from 1837 to 1844, the society has expended in pictures purchased from the exhibition of the Royal Academy, 3,331*l.* 13*s.*; from that of the Society of British Artists, 2,095*l.* 7*s.*; from that of the British Institution, 1,208*l.*; from that of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 805*l.* 9*s.*; and from that of the New Water Colour Society, 675*l.* 1*s.* The main object professed by the London Art Union, on its formation, was the encouragement of the highest class of painting, sculpture, and engraving; but yet little has been done for the higher walks of painting, and nothing whatever for sculpture. It seems to be admitted on all hands that the leading feature of this society, that of allowing the prizeholder to purchase for himself, is radically bad, and that it is owing to the adoption of this principle that so few paintings of high merit have been bought with its funds. Of the 14,000 subscribers many are tradesmen, and persons in humble life, who can have no knowledge of art. The result of allowing them to choose for themselves, therefore, has been the patronage of a vulgar and mediocre class of art, to the prejudice of that which ordinary purchasers are little able to appreciate. The annual engravings have also been, for the most part, of a very inferior character, without any marketable value, or so little that several witnesses declare that they cannot sell the guinea print for half-a-crown. The engravers hitherto selected have been, for the most part, persons of third-rate talents. Were it otherwise, however, the mode by which the requisite number of engravings is obtained would be destructive of the fame both of painter and engraver. With the exception of Hilton's "Una," which was coarsely engraved, no subject has yet been selected from a high class of art. A large portion of the funds of the society, which might be advantageously employed in the purchase of some really fine works of art, is thus absorbed in the circulation of engravings.

Thomas Uwins, Esq. R.A.—His opinion of the London Art Union is, that it is decidedly a bad system. The plan is a bad one, and likely to prove rather injurious to the great interests of art than otherwise. The German Art Unions empower their committees to select the prizes: but this legitimate principle is violated entirely in the constitution of the London Art Union. Thinks that the present system offers encouragement to a low class of artists. Recommends the reservation of a painting belonging to the highest class of art, either annually or triennially, for the purpose of forming a collection of British art. His opinion is, that selections of fine impressions of engravings of the first class, already before the public, would be preferable to the purchase of bad pictures at low prices. A committee of gentlemen of taste should be selected, by whom the pictures forming the prizes should be chosen.

William Etty, Esq. R.A.—Is opposed to the plan of allowing prizeholders to choose for themselves. Thinks it would be easy to select a number of gentlemen who might be competent and willing to undertake the duty of selecting the prizes, and that such a committee should be selected annually. Objects to the small prizes, on the ground that they encourage a low class of art. Art Unions, as at present constituted, encourage chiefly a mediocre class of art, and are thus injurious to the interests of that which is of a higher character.—*Daily News*.

The statue of Francis II. of Austria is completed, and placed in the imposing court of the Imperial "Burg." It will be inaugurated on the 14th of June, the anniversary of the day on which the Emperor returned from Paris, after having repeatedly defeated the French, and taken possession of that city. The Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia are expected

to be present at the inauguration, which will take place on a scale of great magnificence. The people of Vienna look forward with much impatience to the *fête*, as a means of showing the unbounded respect and affectionate reverence with which they regard the memory of Francis the Second.

The liberal encouragement of gem-engraving, proposed last year by the Committee of the Art Union, has been promptly responded to by artists of both sexes. Of the three premiums of 60*l.*, 30*l.*, and 15*l.*, offered by that body, the first two have been awarded to the two daughters of the celebrated cameist, medallist, and sculptor, Mr. B. Pistrucci, of the Royal Mint. The subject given was a copy, in stone of at least two strata, of the bronze head of Minerva marked  $\phi$  in the British Museum. Unfortunately, the second premium, though awarded to one of these young ladies, cannot be actually given to her, in consequence of the fact (only known to the Committee after the decision was come to) that she was born in Rome three or four months after her mother had left England; and the competition was exclusively confined to British-born artists. We are glad, however, to see such a flattering proof of hereditary talent in a family so distinguished in the annals of the fine arts.—*Times*. [We wish Mr. Pistrucci would finish his Waterloo medal.]

MR. BAILEY'S STATUE OF THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.—This statue of his late royal highness the Duke of Sussex, Grand Master of the Freemasons of England, has been completed by Mr. Bailey, the royal academician, and is now in the studio of that gentleman in Percy-street, whence it will be removed in a few days, and placed in the hall of the Freemasons, in the tavern in Great Queen-street. It was understood originally that previously to its being placed in the Freemasons' Hall it would have been exhibited amongst the other statues in the collection of the Royal Academy, which will be opened next month; but as the grand festival of the order is to be celebrated before the exhibition of the Royal Academy will be commenced, and the Masons are extremely anxious that what may be called its inauguration should take place on the occasion of the festival, it has been determined that it cannot be sent to the Gallery in Trafalgar-square. The public can, however, obtain without much difficulty a view of it at the hall in Great Queen-street. The statue is of the heroic size, it is about eight feet, or hardly so much, in height, and it is cut out of a solid block of the purest Carrara marble, perhaps, as fine a block as ever was brought to this country, if the size of it be taken into consideration. The late Prince is habited in the robes of the Order of the Garter, and wears the collar and George of the order. The ample folds of the robes enable the artist to give a dignity to the figure, and to get rid of the littleness of the details of the ornaments and jewels, which somewhat deteriorate from the purity and simplicity of the representation. The robes and the more minute parts are admirably carved; indeed, the tassels and some other portions of the drapery have all the delicacy and finish of the originals which they represent. The statue itself is a perfect portrait, perhaps there is no portrait of his late royal highness which so perfectly represents his features, the character of his countenance, and the general outline of the limbs and person as this does; in that respect it is entitled to the highest praise. The artist has had a good deal to contend against, in the modelling and cutting of a statue of this class. The angular portions of modern costume take off so much from the flow of outline that without very extraordinary management of the costume, the figure is sure to appear formal, stiff, and offensive to the eye of taste. Mr. Bailey has mastered this difficulty, and, without idealizing the portrait of the duke, has relieved it from the common-place formality of many modern statues.

### MUSIC.

*The Ocean Flower: Serenade.* Composed by G. J. O. ALLMAN, Esq. By JOHN JAMES HAITE. London: Haite.

THERE is originality in this serenade. MR. HAITE'S name is new to us as a composer, but we hope we shall often have occasion to welcome him again. He has in him the soul of music, and with experience and diligent study he may not

improbably succeed in attaining a high place among the composers of our time. *The Ocean Flower* is a simple but very sweet melody, which cannot fail to please wherever it is heard. It will be a worthy addition to the portfolio.

MUSICAL NEWS.—A Berlin paper before us contains an account of Jenny Lind's last appearance at the Royal Opera House of that capital, on the 2nd instant. The part selected by the "nightingale of the north," for her farewell representation, was that of *Amina*, in the *Nacht Wandlerin* (*Son-nambula*.) The applause of the audience, when she was about finally to leave the stage, was tempestuous; and she was almost concealed from their view by showers of bouquets and floral crowns and chaplets from all parts of the house. She was much affected, and rather stammered than spoke her gratitude:—"I thank you heartily. I will never forget this during my whole lifetime, never!" So departed the Swedish vocalist from the opera house, which has become the splendid cradle of her European fame. The enraptured German critics call Jenny Lind "the loveliest planet that has risen above their horizon; so brilliant that it might be compared to Venus, and so pure that it might be denominated Vesta." The third symphony-soirée of the Royal chapel took place in the concert saloon of the Berlin Opera House on the 1st. A concerto for the piano-forte, by Mozart, Weber's Jubilee overture, and two symphonies of Haydn and Beethoven (the *Sinfonie Militaire* and that in A) were performed on the occasion. Mademoiselle Walter, of Vienna, made her *début* at the Opera House in Berlin on the 5th April, in the part of *Valentine*, in Meyer-beer's *Die Hugenotten*, with partial, though very tolerable success. She is gifted with a fine figure and a pure well-formed voice. She is accused, however, of outstepping the "true and beautiful," according to the feelings and the laws of aesthetics. Turning from Berlin to Paris, we find a lengthy criticism from the pen of E. Décluze (the successor of M. Berlioz) on the concerts of the Conservatoire. At these concerts there have recently been produced some fine instrumental compositions, including a considerable fragment of the fourth symphony of Spohr (the celebrated *Der Weihe der Töne*), the third of Mendelssohn Bartholdy, and the first of G. Onslow in F minor, contrasted with Beethoven's symphonies in A, B flat, and C minor. M. Van Gelden, violoncellist to His Majesty the King of Holland, is highly approved of in Paris. The only other musical novelty of importance is the production of an oratorio by M. Josse, entitled *L'Ermite*, at the Opera Comique, which was badly received at the Conservatoire, but met with a better reception at the theatre above mentioned. The *motivo* appears to be a spiritual contest between a hermit, Rafael, and the arch-adversary of souls. Satan is eventually vanquished, and precipitated, with his attendant chorus of demons, into the infernal pit by a celestial array of angels. M. Josse is accused of "having been more than inspired" by several passages from *Der Freischütz*, without borrowing from Weber that infernal gaiety with which he seasoned the couplets of Gaspard.—A Paris paper says that, if very few signs of spring are yet perceptible in nature, there are plenty manifested elsewhere. In the place of the nightingales of the bowers we have those of the concert-room, which is not, however (he adds), always a compensation. Concerts in Paris are in full vegetation; cavatinas, concertos, and symphonies blossom on all sides, and *virtuosi* of all ages and sexes spring like mushrooms from the soil! Ole Bull, the violinist, has been much applauded at concerts recently given in the gay city. One of the critics explains the prodigies of his bow by a diamond, stolen from a fairy grotto! A *collaborateur*, however, in the columns of a journal now before us, complains that he has not succeeded in conquering another talisman—that of taste; and that he allows himself at times to be carried away into eccentricities far too "Norwegian." Artistical *tour de force* should, adds our friend, never degenerate into exercises of funambulism. A charming concert has been given by the proprietors of *La Gazette Musicale* to their subscribers. M. Vangelder, the great Belgian violoncello player, is rising more and more in public estimation. M. Desterberg, a fine *basso*, is likely to be engaged for the Italian opera (of Paris) next season. Emile Prudent's concert on Thursday week was one of the most brilliant of the season, and the illustrious pianist was eminently successful in his own performances.

The Distin Sax-horn family are now creating a *furor* in Germany; in Hanover, Brunswick, and Berlin, these artists and their instruments are turning all the heads of Germanic Kings, Princes, Dukes, and *dilettanti*. On the other side of the Rhine, says our informant, people only swear by the cylinders of Sax. A young singer named Mademoiselle Preti has lately appeared at the Grand Opera, and her *début* justifies expectations of future fame. Travelling to Berlin, we learn that Tamburini appeared on the 6th inst. as Doctor Malatesta in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale*, and gave the reins to his comic humour with the happiest result. In short, if he continue to be so enthusiastically lauded by the fastidious "aestheticians" of Berlin, Tamburini will, we fancy, be in no particular hurry to come to London. The famous guitar-player, Huerta, is now giving concerts at Havre, with the assistance of several great artists of the Académie de Paris. One of the finest singers of the "empire," Mademoiselle Armand, *pensionnaire* of the Royal Chapel, and the Académie Royale de Musique, died on the 4th. She "created" the parts of Ariodante and Beniowski. She leaves a moderate fortune, the fruit of her earnings. Madame Cinti Damoureaux will give a grand concert in Paris to-morrow (Saturday). A new parody of David's *Desert* is about to be produced. That work itself, with Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, and Jose's *Ermite*, will be shortly performed at a concert for the benefit of the blind. Mariette Brambiller is to be one of the vocalists. M. Blaes, the first clarinet of the King of Belgium, and his wife, an excellent singer, are to give a grand concert to-day (Friday). The season of the Italian theatre closed on Tuesday with an act of *Norma*, and *Il Barbiere*. Almost the entire company appeared in these two pieces, and met with a flattering reception; nor were bouquets, crowns, and calls on the stage wanting to complete their triumph. The public and artists then adjourned for the next six months. Ronconi, Salvi, and Persiani are on the road to Madrid. Cerito has signed an engagement at Berlin. American papers just received state that Leopold de Meyer is creating an immense sensation in Baltimore.

In our paper of the 23rd ult. we recorded the death, at an advanced age, of Mrs. Jane Mary Miles, a lady we doubt not well recollected by many of our readers as a celebrated professor of the pianoforte of former days. She was a native of Bath, where she received her early musical instruction from Mr. Linley, the father of the celebrated Mrs. Sheridan, and she afterwards became a pupil of J. C. Bach, known as "Bach of London," contemporaneously with the late Muzio Clementi. At a very early age she acquired great celebrity as a concerto player at the concerts given by Signor Rauzzini at Bath. His late Majesty, King George III. was a warm admirer of Mrs. Miles's talents, and at his desire she subsequently left Bath to superintend the musical education of her late Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales, and to join in the musical parties of the Royal family. Her talents were well known and highly appreciated by many of the leading families of the aristocracy. Mrs. Miles's style of performance was clear, elegant, rapid, and intellectual in the highest degree, and her general acquirements were of no common order. She had for many years entirely quitted the profession, and lived in retirement with her married daughter at Blackheath.—*Morning Herald*.

**SIGNOR TAMBURINI.**—The success of this unrivalled vocalist has been so great in Berlin, that some doubt exists whether he will visit London this season, although his name has been announced in every forthcoming concert.

**DRAGONETTI.**—This celebrated violoncellist has bequeathed his double bass, his beloved "Amati," to San Marco, at Venice. We learn that his second-best *basso* has been left by him to his countryman, Cassolini, of the Opera orchestra. Il Drago had an extraordinary collection of dolls and snuff-boxes of every country, which he has distributed amongst his friends in his will. We believe that Count Pepoli, Mr. Heath, and Mr. Novello are the executors.

**CONSERVATOIRE IN PARIS.**—At the seventh concert, David's new symphony in E was performed, but it was coldly received. It is written in the Haydn form, except that for the minuet, a lively movement in two-four time was substituted. A *Benedictus*, from a mass by M. Zimmermann, was applauded. Beethoven's *Septuor* and *Eroica* symphony, with gleanings from Gluck's *Armide*, were included in the programme. The singing of a Mademoiselle Moisson, in the

latter, created a great sensation; she is called the female Lablache.

## THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

**DRURY LANE.**—Madame THILLON has made her appearance at this theatre, and is to repeat the round of her most favourite characters. She has been greeted by thronged houses, and she has lost none of the attractions of person, manner, or voice with which she charmed the hearts of Englishmen, and women too, during her former visit to this country. A sort of Easter piece, called *La Perouse*, was introduced, or rather revived, but failing to please it was withdrawn, and a ballet substituted, which has proved equally unsuccessful. We would recommend Mr. BUNN to try some well-got up melo dramas as after-pieces. They always take when efficiently put upon the stage, and they would form a pleasing variety with the operas.

**FRENCH PLAYS, ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.**—These performances were resumed, after the Easter recess, on Friday last, when an actress new to English audiences, made her *début*, Mademoiselle JULIETTE RAOUL, a pupil of an old favourite, JENNY VERTPRE. Mademoiselle JULIETTE is a young lady of considerable powers, of great vivacity, having a pair of eyes which bespeak a most excitable soul within. We should be very sorry to affront Mademoiselle JULIETTE, and be any where within reach of her bodkin. Fortunately we can, with a good conscience, give her our commendation. Her style of acting is effective and artistic, and her appearance is decidedly telling. The vaudeville in which we saw her is entitled *Mademoiselle Nichon*; its heroine is a young girl of humble rank, a *laitiere*, whom fortune has suddenly raised to a condition of affluence, by making her the heiress of an old duke, who, becoming casually acquainted with her virtues, has bequeathed to her his whole fortune, wholly to the exclusion of a natural son of his, the *Marquis de Nanges*, who has offended him by his wild and spendthrift habits. *Mademoiselle Nichon*, not knowing what to do with herself or her money, very naturally desires to bestow both the one and the other upon an eligible husband; but the good-natured world, insisting upon it that the old duke's attachment to her must have been dishonourable—the world is always so complimentary to itself in these matters—the poor girl cannot find any respectable match, though there are sundry gallants who pay her their court *par amours*. At last *Madame Nichon's* uncle, a modern *Sir Pandorus*, lights upon the very man they need, in the person of the *Marquis de Nanges* himself, who, pursued by duns—the uncle in question being one of the most troublesome—consents to marry *Mademoiselle Nichon*, ignorant, as yet, however, whence her wealth has proceeded. When he learns who her benefactor was, and hears the scandal respecting her, he indignantly rejects her hand; but, meanwhile the girl herself, made acquainted with the *marquis's* relationship to the duke, has, by formal deed, resigned her fortune to him, and, quitting the house, resumed her milkmaid calling. The gay nobleman is so struck with her generosity, having been previously charmed with her beauty, that he offers her his hand, which she in all happiness accepts, and so the piece terminates, with the moral that virtue is the best policy. Curiously enough, by the way, the French vaudevilles, which those who have never seen or read them so handsomely set down as everything that is bad, are, well nigh all of them, of nice morality. The actor who fills the part of the uncle in this piece, M. TOURTON, is also quite new to the theatre; he promises to be a valuable accession. His face and manner are decidedly good. There was a third *début* the same evening, in the person of an actor who took the principal part in the original of "Mr. PLANCHE'S new farce," *Lend Me Five Shillings*.

**SADLER'S WELLS.**—At this theatre a new drama, entitled *Judge Jeffries*, from the pen of Mr. SPICER, has been produced with entire success. The plot is skilfully framed, and the interest is well sustained throughout. The acting was, like all in this excellent theatre, very good. PHELPS, especially, was the judge to the life. He has also appeared in *Brutus*, in which his performance is a master-piece, equal to any thing the stage has witnessed since KEAN. We recommend our readers to avail themselves of the intellectual treat, for such it really is, offered to them by this fine piece of acting. The other characters are well sustained.

**MR. MACREADY.**—This eminent tragedian has entered into an engagement to perform twenty nights at the Surrey Theatre for 1,000*l.* commencing next September.

At the other theatres the entertainments are the same that we noticed last week.

**GENERAL TOM THUMB** continues to hold his levees at the Egyptian Hall, and to receive crowds of curious visitors, who go away astonished at the freaks in which nature sometimes indulges.



**THE ROYAL GARDENS, VAUXHALL.**—This favourite place of resort will, we are informed, be opened on Whit Monday for the 120th season, under the same management as last year. It is to be hoped, both for their sake and that of the public, that they will have better weather than last year. There was then scarcely a fine night during the whole of the Vauxhall season.

**MR. ANGAS'S PICTURES OF NEW ZEALAND AND AUSTRALIA.**—The idea of this exhibition appears to have been suggested by Catlin's American Indians, and all who remember the latter will be anxious to see the former when they learn that it is equally if not more interesting. The artist travelled extensively in New Zealand, and lived for a long time with the natives. His portraits and pictures are therefore stamped with the impress of reality. The costumes, the scenery, the habitations of the natives, their chiefs, and most remarkable characters, crowd the walls with a vast number of subjects to interest the eye and inform the mind. This exhibition will richly repay a visit.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.**—There is now exhibiting at this Institution a model of Mackintosh's Rotatory Steam Engine; an invention applicable either to stationary, locomotive, or marine purposes. The directors of the Institution have applied it to a locomotive worked by atmospheric pressure, upon a circular railway 25 feet in diameter; and so compact is the arrangement, that even practical men are at a loss to discover its mode of operation, for nothing is visible but the cylinders and wheels, the machinery being inside the cylinders. This arrangement consists merely of the ring of a drum, the inner surface of which is concave. Over the concavity is laid a piece of flexible material, called metallized cloth, which is merely cloth dipped in a solution of metal, which renders it not only durable and strong, but also impervious to water or steam. At one part of the circumference of the drum the cloth is held firmly against the concavity by a stop, on each side of which there is an orifice—one for the admission and the other for the escape of the steam. If, then, steam be allowed to enter the former orifice, it will traverse the circumference of the drum, between the metal and the cloth, until it escapes through the other orifice, producing considerable expansion in the cloth; but by causing a roller, so formed as to fit the concavity, to press against the cloth, holding it firmly against the drum, the steam, in its attempt to expand the cloth, will propel the roller before it, and this roller, being fixed to the end of a lever, gives motion to the shaft running through the axis of the drum. The arrangement is rather difficult to be understood without the aid of a drawing or model; but, when once seen, may be understood by the most unlearned in mechanical arrangements. There is no rubbing surface, the existence of which has been the principal cause of the failure of all other rotatory engines, and its action is so direct, that it has all the advantages of the piston and cylinder engine. It can be worked by steam, air, or any of the permanent gases, and we would strongly recommend an inspection of it to all persons who may be interested in such matters.

#### PLACES OF PUBLIC AMUSEMENT.

NOW OPEN.

[For the accommodation of our numerous country subscribers during their visits to town, we purpose to insert regularly a list of the sights to be seen. This list will be corrected and enlarged from time to time. At present it is necessarily imperfect.]

**BRITISH MUSEUM,** Great Russell-street. Open every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**NATIONAL GALLERY,** Trafalgar-square. Open every Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, from 10 to 4, gratis.

**THEATRES.**—Drury Lane—Haymarket—Princess's, Oxford-street—French Plays, St. James's Theatre, King-street, St. James's—Adelphi, Strand—Lyceum, Strand—Sadler's Wells, City-road—Surrey, Blackfriars-road. All daily.

**PANORAMA,** Leicester-square. Every day.

**DIORAMA,** Regent's-park. Every day.

**COSMORAMA,** Regent-street. Every day.

**THE TOWER.** Daily, from 10 to 4.

**MADAME TUSSAUD'S WAX-WORK,** Baker-street.

**CHINESE EXHIBITION,** Hyde-park-corner.

**POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION,** Langham-place. Daily, from 10 to 11 at night.

**ADELAIDE GALLERY,** Lowther-arcade, Strand. Daily.

**THE COLOSSEUM,** Regent's-park. Day and night.

**ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,** Regent's-park. Daily, but the visitor must be provided with a member's order.

**SURREY ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS,** Kennington. Daily.

**MISCELLANEOUS EXHIBITIONS** now open are—M. Philippe's Conjuror, Strand Theatre, every evening—Mammoth Horse, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, daily.—Ethiopian Serenaders, St. James's Theatre, Tuesdays and Thursdays.—Tableaux Vivants, Dubourg's Rooms, Windmill-street, daily, morning and evening.

#### ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

##### THE BATTLES ON THE SUTLEJ.

BY JAMES NISBET, ESQ.

IN dreams by night I heard a heavy sound,  
That o'er the Eastern waters seemed to rise;  
Four times its echoes swelled, and spread around,  
As if a thunder-storm had shook the skies,  
And the earth-belted mountains could not rest,  
But with the crash still rung from base to crest.

I saw, as from afar, a battle-field;  
Now, by the Indian sun's o'erpowering glare,  
Its struggling ranks and murderous guns revealed;  
And now there hung a vapour on the air,  
That none but angels' eyes could pierce, to know  
What scenes of mortal misery passed below.

Then rose loud voices and my heart throbb'd high—  
I knew my country's warriors fighting there!  
Methought I joined them in their battle-cry,  
And shed hot tears their valourous deeds to share,  
As onward, like the waves in wintry flow,  
Their masses poured upon the Khalsa foe.

Onward—ay, onward! Think of that fair isle,  
Amid the western billows, where sweet eyes  
Upon the lustre of your arms shall smile;  
Think of the brave whose praise shall be your prize;  
Think of Britannia's many glories—now  
Add ye another laurel to her brow!

Savage of heart, the children of Lahore—  
Fought they not well within their triple walls?  
For hours—for hours, hath raged this wild uproar,  
And still more fierce the iron tempest falls:  
But now comes Britain to the charge of steel—  
So can she teach her sternest foes to feel.

Triumph—O triumph—for the day is won!  
Pour forth a glad salute, and shout for glee,  
St. George's banner glitters to the sun,  
The bravest of the East before us flee;  
And yon encrimsoned river tells a tale,  
To make the millions on its banks turn pale.

Triumph—O triumph—for that Orient shore,  
To an admiring world, hath proved full well  
That Britain bears the lion heart of yore!  
A valour that nor years of peace can quell,  
Nor luxury, nor a torrid clime, may claim  
Its equal meed of never dying fame.

Triumph—O triumph—for a nobler scope,  
A high benevolence guides this spreading power;  
It gives humanity a ray of hope,  
Bids slavery smile, with justice for her dower;  
And may it bring, ere long, a purer light  
To shine upon the nations, sunk in night!

#### NECROLOGY.

##### ASTRONOMER BESSEL.

On the 4th inst. letters were received by Dr. Ashton and Mr. Peter Clare, of this town, from the relatives of the late Dr. Frederick Wilhelm Bessel, dated Königsberg, March 17, announcing the decease, at half-past six o'clock that evening, of this distinguished astronomer. He was a professor of the university of that city, and a privy councillor to the King of Prussia; also a foreign fellow of the Royal Society of London, an honorary member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of this town, and a member of most of the learned societies in Europe, &c. &c. Perhaps no individual has contributed so much to the advancement of the science of astronomy, during the present century, as this distinguished and excellent man. His time was devoted unceasingly to the investigation of the heavens; and, by the immense number and accuracy of his observations, he laid down the exact position of tens of thousands of stars, for which he received, in the year 1829, the gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society of London. Having obtained instruments of very great power and accuracy, he directed his attention to observing, with extreme care, the remarkable star, 61 Cygni, to endeavour, if possible, to ascertain the least apparent parallax; and, after a patient and continued series of observations, from the summer of 1837 to the spring of 1840, the result of his labours was crowned with

so much success, that another gold medal was presented to him by the Royal Astronomical Society of London. From these observations, it appears that the distance of this star from the earth is nearly six hundred and seventy thousand times that of the sun; and it is the first star whose distance has been ascertained. In the year 1842, by direction of the King of Prussia, he honoured this town with his presence, on the occasion of the British Association for the advancement of science holding its meeting here, and was the visitor of Dr. Ashton. His presence at the meeting added greatly to its interest, and brought several eminent philosophers to meet him; amongst others Sir J. F. W. Herschell and Sir William Rowan Hamilton; the former saying in a letter, that although his occupations were unceasing, he would nevertheless spare some days to go to Manchester to meet such a distinguished philosopher and excellent man, whom he considered so much his superior. The health of Professor Bessel had been declining for some years, and the letters state that he died peaceably, after long suffering, in the 62nd year of his age.—*Manchester Guardian*.

#### ALEXIS GREIG.

ALEXIS GREIG was an admiral in the Russian navy, Member of the Imperial Council, Senator of the Empire, and Knight of all the Russian Orders. This distinguished officer was ever anxious to promote the education of those under his command; and, aware of the advantages of a practical acquaintance with astronomy, he founded the well-known Observatory of Nicolajef, on the Black Sea. In his latter years, he was recalled from active service to St. Petersburg, where he was appointed a constant member of the Council of the Empire, and became very useful in forwarding the pursuit of knowledge. The Emperor named him President of the Scientific Commission to which the founding of the great Observatory of Pulkowa was intrusted; and there is no question that the successful building and endowment of this establishment are mainly owing to his care and intelligent guidance. Admiral Greig, who has an additional claim to our regard in being the brother-in-law of Mrs. Somerville, after a life of honour and respect, died at St. Petersburg, on the 30th of December, 1844. It will be recollected, with interest, that he was one of the very first members of this Society; and that he ever expressed a lively regard for its welfare and proceedings. In proof of this, we need but remind the members of his present of the universal instrument by Reichenbach.—*Report of Astronomical Society*.

#### Mr. B. FIELD.

The daily papers announce the death of Mr. Baron Field, at Torquay, on the 11th inst. and in the sixtieth year of his age. Our readers will remember his name as the editor of three of Heywood's plays for the Shakespeare Society, and as the "B. F. in the land of the Kangaroos" of the delightful "Essays of Elia." Mr. Field was Chief Justice for several years in New South Wales, and still more recently at Gibraltar. While at the former place, he published the first volume of poems printed in that country; choosing his motto, with a little alteration, from old Bishop Hall:—

*I first adventure, follow me who list,  
And be the second Austral harmonist.*

A second adventurer soon followed, with a kind of tournament motto of his own,—

*I, the second take the Field,  
The next may something better yield;*

but nothing better, we are assured, has since been seen at Sydney than the little publication of the first adventurer. Mr. Field was of a firm and friendly temperament. His mind was stored with anecdotes of Coleridge and Lamb. He knew them both from his very boyhood; and his father and several of his friends were connected with Christ's Hospital, when Coleridge was a Grecian and Lamb a Deputy-Grecian, under the Spartan discipline of Boyer, the Busby of that school.

#### COUNT CASSINI.

Though the Count had retired from the pursuit of astronomy long before the formation of the Astronomical Society, and was not, therefore, one of our Associates, it is, neverthe-

less, impossible to pass over in silence the extinction of this ancient hereditary race of astronomers. He died on October 18, 1845, aged 97. From 1671 to 1793, that is, from the foundation of the Paris Observatory till the period of the Revolution, it was occupied by the four Cassinis in succession. The last of these, the Count Cassini, of whom we are now speaking, was driven out by the National Convention, at the time when he was pressing upon them the re-construction of the Observatory and the introduction of modern instruments. Though an hereditary dynasty of astronomers was not found very favourable to the interests of astronomy, as tending to perpetuate the ideas and methods of its founder in lieu of introducing acknowledged improvements from time to time, family groups of distinguished philosophers must always be objects of peculiar interest to the historical inquirer. Community of name and blood magnifies even the aggregate amounts of the successes of the Cassinis, the Bernouillis, the Lemonniers, the Maraldi, the Lalandes, and the Herschels.—*Report of the Astronomical Society*.

#### DRAGONETTI.

We regret to announce the decease of this celebrated double-bass performer, who expired at his house in Leicester-square, last week. Count Pepoli, the Italian poet; Mr. Novello, Mr. Pigott, and M. Tolbecque were with the musician during his last moments. He was a Venetian by birth, and was born in 1764 or 1762, for Dragonetti was never positive about the date. His father was also a contra-basso. At nine years of age Domenico began to play on the guitar. He then studied the violin, and at twelve years old began to play on the double bass, to the amazement of the whole city. He practised much with Mestrino, the famous violinist, and at thirteen Dragonetti was nominated *primo basso* at the Opera Buffa. At fourteen he was promoted to the same position at the "Grand Opera Seria," at San Benetto. At eighteen he was engaged in the chapel of San Marco, performing at concerts the violoncello parts on the double bass. He then went to Vicenza, where he purchased his well-known Amati double-bass. From Vicenza he visited Padua, after which he was offered an engagement, as principal contra-basso, at the King's Theatre in this country, in which he remained up to his death. Dragonetti was eccentric in his habits, but had an ardent attachment for his art. His conversation was curious and amusing, from the strange mixture of French, Italian, and English words. He was most punctual and honourable in his engagements. For thirty years he and his colleague Lindley were always the first to take their places in an orchestra. Dragonetti kept his beloved instrument, which, we understand, he has bequeathed to San Marco, at Venice, as close to the stage-door of the Opera-house as possible, in order that it might be saved in the event of a fire. As a performer he was the greatest executant ever known. He was the Paganini of the double bass. His wonderful power of keeping an orchestra together and sustaining singers was not the least of his gifts. The conformation of his hands was particularly favourable for his muscular power. A periodical has supplied some anecdotes of interest:—"Dragonetti was full of anecdote. The account of his first introduction to Beethoven was highly characteristic. When the impetuous German put before him a violoncello accompaniment to some piece, displaying a 'forest of notes,' at the completion of the performance he jumped up from the piano, and embraced him. Also his accompanying Mrs. Siddons, in a song, at Mrs. Dammers, the sculptress. Her musical declamation, he said, was unpractised—unprofessional, but it was in character with her acting. Her tones were deep, solemn, breathing, and majestic. When Dragonetti first visited Paris, he carried with him letters of introduction from Viotti to Cherubini and Gretry. He called upon the former, who was from home, and then proceeded to Gretry's residence at Montmorency. In the course of conversation Gretry asked his visitor in what quarter of Paris he had taken his lodgings, and then contrived to have all Dragonetti's effects removed to his house. 'Friends must not part thus,' said he; 'while you remain in France, you must consider my house your home!' A 'Complete System of Double Bass,' written by Dragonetti, was destroyed unfortunately in a fire. His last illness was confirmed dropsy. He never recovered from the annoyance of Costa's secession from Her

Majesty's Theatre. He signed his engagement before he knew of the retirement of Costa, and was deeply affected when he heard the news. He resolved not to play any more; but representations having been made that his absence might be construed as an exhibition of feeling against the new conductor, he was prevailed upon to attend a rehearsal, but before it was over, he retired, ordering his instrument to be taken home, a presentiment that his earthly career was coming to a close. His faculties were good until the last. *Il Drago* has left a gap which cannot be filled. Aufassi takes his place at the Opera House, but it would take the concentrated power of four of our best players to constitute one Dragonetti.

### JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, INVENTIONS, AND IMPROVEMENTS.

**AINSLIE'S NEW IMPROVED PATENT DRAIN-TILE-MAKING MACHINES AND DRYING PROCESS.**—We have inspected the plan of this very ingenious machine, which is capable of producing, by one man driving, one lad feeding, and two boys taking away, from 5,000 to 7,000 drain tiles of the ordinary size per day. The extreme importance of an invention which thus by shortening the labour cheapens the cost of the most effective instrument of agricultural improvement, can scarcely be over-estimated. At this time especially, when landlords and farmers must bestir themselves to employ the mechanical resources of the age in order to enable them to keep pace with the progress of the rest of the community, and to meet competition, Mr. Ainslie is conferring upon both a mighty benefit by an invention which almost more than any other will help them in the race. The prices at which these drainage-tiles are produced, are singularly moderate, and must exclude every other from the market. The drying process which he has discovered is also extremely ingenious. It may be applied at all seasons, and in any weather, for it consists in the application of regulated currents of hot and cold air. Thus it saves great expenses in a variety of forms, and makes that process certain and easy, which was before uncertain and troublesome.

**MR. BEARD'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS.**—We noticed last week the very great improvements in this art, recently introduced by Mr. Beard. Some specimens are now before us, which prove the perfection to which he has brought the art. The impression upon the plate is vastly more distinct than any we have seen elsewhere, and the colour is so exquisitely thrown in that it embraces the beauty and life-like aspect of the best miniature painting with the unerring certainty of a transcript of nature. By Mr. Beard's process every family may preserve at a trifling cost indubitable likenesses of all its members, and that portrait once taken may be multiplied indefinitely from the first, and either magnified or reduced in size according to the purpose for which it is required. The only complaint urged against the photographic portraits is, that they are too real, they do not flatter; like the mirror they present the person as he is, and some people will not believe that they can be so plain as the picture shews them and abuse it. But in this lies its value. It is a copy of the person and not a dream of a painter. Mr. Beard's room is worth a visit, if only to see his specimens.

**THE "LUNAR CORRECTOR."**—This invention, which is of considerable importance to all persons engaged in nautical pursuits and tactics, belongs to Capt. Andrew Thompson, one of the most experienced and scientific officers in the mercantile navy of this country. It consists of an instrument, the principle of which depends upon the minute variation of small spherical triangles. The instrument is formed by the third part of a circle of brass, having an index similar to a sextant, on which is set the apparent distance. The index bar and left limb are graduated, and furnished with moveable slides for performing what is termed "laying off" the apparent altitudes; one of the slides being graduated also to a scale proportioned to the radius of the instrument, shews, at the point of intersection, a number of minutes and seconds, which is the correction required; and then, by the help of a brief table, or by working a rule-of-three sum, the true distance is at once obtained. The great advantage of this instrument is its simplicity, and the little time which, by the use of it, is required to work a lunar observation; in fact, the time required

scarcely exceeds that required to find the latitude by a meridian altitude of the sun. For those navigators who are less expert than their more scientific brethren, and less accustomed to the vigour of very accurate and perplexed calculations, this instrument is a great boon; it affords an unerring method of working problems and observations, and to the more experienced lunarians it is also a valuable acquisition, because it not only facilitates his labours, but serves as a test to prove their correctness. It is difficult to describe this invention by words only, or even by drawings, but it may be seen by any body at Messrs. Spencers', No. 111, in the Minories, and its value appreciated at once by any body capable of understanding the value of scientific invention.

**SUGGESTED NEW PROPELLING POWER.**—Mr. Mushet, of Coleford, concludes a letter to the *Mining Journal* as follows:—"Why not employ the force of a large still spring, similar to the spring of a watch, to put in motion a railway train? The spring might, from time to time, be wound up by the power of small stationary steam-engines; and as watches will go for twenty-four hours without winding up, why should not a locomotive, furnished with a similar source of power within itself, go for an equal space of time? Those who have seen and understand the construction of common musical snuff-boxes, will readily comprehend how the force of a spring may be made to communicate to the driving wheels of a locomotive any required degree of velocity; the little fly-wheel, or fan, of the box revolving at a rate far greater than would ever be required in railway locomotion."

**MONSTER STEAM-HAMMER.**—On the 11th inst., the largest and most powerful steam-hammer which Mr. J. Nasmyth has yet constructed was by him set to work at Sir John Guest's extensive ironworks at Dowlais. The hammer or block of cast iron which gives the blow to the iron on the anvil is upwards of six tons weight, with a clear fall of seven feet perpendicular. The force of the blow which this gives out is tremendous indeed, but is under such control as to be made to drive a nail into soft wood, with a succession of the most delicate taps. The immediate purpose for which Sir J. Guest has erected this monster steam-hammer is to give some six or eight tremendous blows to each of the piles or blooms from which railway bars are rolled, so as to thoroughly weld them into one solid mass ere they go to the rolls to be extended into the finished rail. The anvil of this monster steam-hammer is supposed to be the largest casting in the world, being no less than thirty-six tons in one solid mass.—*Hereford Journal*.

### JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

*The Phrenological Journal, and Magazine of Moral Science.* No. 87. Edinburgh. MacLachlan and Co. STRANGE to say, this is the only periodical published in Great Britain devoted to Mental Philosophy, and—THE CRITIC excepted—the only one that makes that important department of human knowledge a distinct and prominent feature. It is, therefore, entitled to peculiar attention, as containing the best exposition of the state and progress of the science. Nor is it the less to be read and respected, even by those who do not acknowledge the principles of the phrenologists, because its primary purpose is to gather the facts and opinions of the disciples of that system of mental philosophy; for its pages are diversified with essays and intelligence that have no necessary association with phrenology. Whatever appertains to mental science finds there a place; none of the exclusiveness that too often belongs to schools prevails in the management of this periodical. It is open to all opinions, provided they be calmly stated. Therefore is it deserving of a much more extended circulation among the students of mental philosophy than, from its title, a stranger would anticipate. A regular perusal of it cannot fail to interest and to instruct, and we shall be doing a service to mental science generally by giving to some of its contents the much wider circulation which they will obtain by means of the columns of THE CRITIC than they enjoy in their original form. When it is seen what sort of information is really



furnished by the *Phrenological Journal*, many whom the title may have prejudiced will be induced to resort to pages whose contents are so much more extensive in their range than that title would imply.

The first article in this new number is by one whose name will be a sufficient recommendation of anything proceeding from him to the regards of the thousands, we may say the millions, who have profited by his famous works on Infant Education, on Health, on Digestion, and on Insanity. Dr. ANDREW COMBE has contributed, under the title of "Phrenology, its nature and uses," the substance of an address to the students of Anderson's University, at the opening of Dr. WEIR's first course of lectures on phrenology in that institution on the 7th of January in the present year. Our readers are already aware that a chair of phrenology has lately been founded in that university—being the first formal recognition of it in Great Britain as one of the established sciences. The opening of the school in which it is to be taught with the authority of an university sanction was an occasion of too great importance to be permitted to pass without some formal introduction; and Dr. ANDREW COMBE, who, next to his brother, Mr. GEORGE COMBE, has done more towards familiarizing the principles of phrenology to the popular mind, and thus to bring about the triumph they are now achieving, than any other of our countrymen, was appropriately chosen for the honourable task of opening the lectureship. But our readers will grieve to learn that the students were disappointed of the pleasure of personally greeting the excellent and able man whom they had invited. The infirm state of Dr. A. COMBE's health prevented his attendance to witness the celebration, but he sent his soul to them in the form of a lecture, which was read for him by his brother, Mr. GEORGE COMBE, and that is the first article in the new number of the *Phrenological Journal*.

Every word of this powerful lecture will reward attentive perusal, and if space can be found, we will reprint the whole, or the most striking portions of it, hoping that thus it may find its way to some thousands who might not be induced to seek it in its present place. Therefore, without extract from it at present, we pass on to the second paper, which is an extremely curious and interesting one, "On the Influence of the Weather upon the Mental Faculties," a subject we do not remember to have lighted upon before, although it is one which must have presented itself to the least observant. The author considers that the real influence of the weather upon the feelings and disposition has not been sufficiently estimated; and he proceeds to collect a number of cases illustrative of the fact. Thus, Dr. SEALY, late resident physician at Florence, Messina, &c. states, in a recent number of the *Dublin Journal of Medical Science*, that the climate of Sicily and southern Italy often affects residents, after they have been there two or three years, and induces a peculiar nervous affection, of which he gives the following account:—

"It is characterized by an excessive irritability, attended with extraordinary mental and muscular activity, and seldom attacks the new-comer, but more frequently those who have been resident between two and three years, and just been beginning to suffer from *nostalgia*. There exists in it an inexpressible consciousness of disease; the mind is disturbed by visions, the imagination is morbidly awakened; yet the judgment still possesses its control over the mind, with scarce a capability of obeying its dictates.

Dr. Sealy is satisfied that it is a disease of climate. The modifications of it are great, and its grades various, from slight excitability to serious and formidable disease, affecting mind and body. According to the doctor, "it seems a hyperelimination of the nervous principle, a peculiar elastic evaporation of a spiritual consciousness and capability, aroused by electrical agency or invisible atmospheric influence."

Several cases occurred during his stay at Florence. One was that of an English clergyman, whom he found in a very alarming state.

During the progress of his disease, his mental hallucinations were extraordinary, almost amounting to what the French mesmerisers denominate *clairvoyance*, and his visions were frightful; his pervading wish was to tear every thing near him, to shout, to sing, and *curse*: he fancied he saw his limbs leave his body; he was convinced of the unreality of the vision, and of its being the result of a diseased imagination; yet so palpable was the delusive vision, that he could scarcely correct the delusion by the utmost effort of his reason.

The damp wind of South America have still worse effects on the temper of some individuals. Sir WOODBINE PARISH gives an extremely interesting account of it.

This damp wind of La Plata seems to affect the temper more than the constitution, and in so far differs somewhat from the "Sirocco" of Malta. The irritability and ill-humour which this damp wind excites in some of the inhabitants amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing for men amongst the better class to shut themselves up in their houses during its continuance, and lay aside all business till it has passed; whilst among the lower orders it is always remarked that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are much more frequent during the north wind than at any other time. In short, every thing is disarranged, and every body lays the fault to one source—"Senor es el viento norte." A physician of many years' standing, who had closely studied the effects of this dreaded "viento norte," or north wind, on the animal system, gave Sir W. Parish the following account of an instance which had come under his personal notice:—"A man named Garcia was executed for murder. He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and was in general rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners; his countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous. But when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuance, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant, a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; but, he observed, 'it was the north wind, and not he, that did it.' When he rose from his bed in the morning, he said, he was at once aware of its accursed influence over him; a dull headach first, and then a feeling of impatience at everything about him, would cause him to take umbrage even at the members of his own family, on the most trivial occurrence. If he went abroad, his headach generally became worse; a heavy weight seemed to hang over his temples; he sought objects, as it were, through a cloud; and was hardly conscious where he went. He was fond of play; and if, in such a mood, a gambling-house was in his way, he seldom resisted the temptation; once there, any turn of ill-luck would so irritate him, that the chances were he would insult some of the bystanders. Those who knew him, perhaps, would bear with his ill-humours; but if unhappily he chanced to meet with a stranger disposed to resent his abuse, they seldom parted without bloodshed. Such was the account the wretched man gave of himself, and it was corroborated afterwards by his relations and friends; who added, that no sooner had the cause of his excitement passed away, than he would deplore his weakness, and never rested till he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had hurt or offended."

The subject of the third article is "*The Liability to Trial and Punishment of the Deaf and Dumb*." It was suggested by a recent trial at Glasgow of a deaf and dumb youth on a charge of housebreaking. He had not been educated to read or write; and the only form in which the interpreter could put the question of guilty or not guilty, was to ask, by means of signs, whether the prisoner had stolen the property. The boy was convicted.

Reference is then made to another case that occurred at Glasgow in April, 1817, where a woman, named JEAN CAMPBELL, was indicted for the murder of her child, aged three years, by throwing it over a bridge into the river. She was born deaf and dumb, and had received no education. She was examined by the master of the deaf and dumb establishment at Edinburgh; and on his testimony that he believed she could communicate her thoughts, and had intelligence of right and wrong, she was put upon her trial and acquitted. But before he would do so, the Deputy-Advocate took the opinion of that distinguished metaphysician, the late Dr. THOMAS BROWN, upon the question of her moral responsibility, and that opinion, proceeding from so high an authority, and in itself so full of thought and matter for thought, we extract entire, satisfied that its value, both for present reading and future reference, will excuse the space it occupies.

In the present case there seem to be many questions. In the first place, is the panel capable of knowing the moral difference of actions, as right or wrong? On this point I have no doubt whatever, at least with regard to a crime like that which is the subject of the present prosecution. If there be any original moral power of discrimination like that which has been properly called the *moral sense*, it is quite clear that deafness does not preclude that which is as much a part of the constitution as the sense of sound itself; and if we suppose the moral feelings to be the result of various observations and sympathies, and tender remembrances, there is surely no reason for asserting, that an adult strong-minded deaf person is incapable of forming the associations which are supposed to give birth to the moral regard. The sense of sound is surely not more important in itself than the sense of sight; and though, as the medium of language, it cannot fail to convey much instruction as to the consequences of actions, it still presupposes a tendency to feel approbation of actions that are beneficial to others, and disapprobation of actions of which the only object is injury; without which previous tendency to feel the emotion, the nice analysis of the consequences of the actions would be of no value. I am far from thinking that the panel has such refined feelings of this sort as those possess who have the advantage of letters. Her feelings must be rarely called forth, because they are called forth only by events that really take place or have taken place before her very eyes; while literature is continually surrounding us with real or imaginary doers and sufferers, whom we have never seen. But that murder is worthy of disapprobation, or in other words is *wrong*, she knows probably as well as the greater number of those human brutes who are condemned for the perpetration of it. Indeed, I have little doubt that her feelings of moral abhorrence of such a crime are more vivid than those of many young ruffians, the children of older ruffians, who have been fostered in vice, and who have had the sense of language only to hear curses and blasphemies, and the mockery of everything pure and kind. You do not allow this bad education to be pled in bar of a criminal prosecution, and as little, on this ground, should deafness be admitted. All this reasoning is *à priori* as it were—but in Mr. Kinniburgh's evidence, you have, I think, sufficient proof of an indignant repelling of the charge of murder, which might of itself be considered as implying her capacity of moral feeling. In the next place, is she capable of knowing that, when she did wrong, she exposed herself to punishment? That a deaf person is capable of knowing this, I think, cannot be doubted, if his observations have been wide, and if he be capable of knowing right from wrong. He, like other people, may see some one do what is wrong, and may afterwards see the same person caught in the act, seized by force, beaten by the individual whose property or person he was injuring, or carried away to prison in spite of his struggles:—what has preceded—what has followed; a deaf person is equally capable of combining in his mind as other people; but he knows fewer antecedents and consequences, because all which he knows must have been observed by himself. He does not know, therefore, with so much precision that crimes are followed by punishment, because he can know this only of the particular crimes which he has had personal opportunities of observing to be so followed; and if he never saw any punishment follow, he probably never would

conceive it to be a physical consequence, more than he would have conceived *à priori* that a charged electric battery would give a shock: an adult, however, can scarcely fail to have made such observations; and, accordingly, it appears in evidence that the panel, in this case, has a notion that her detention in prison arises from the supposition of her having murdered her child. In the next place, it is necessary that, in order to render the panel a fit subject of trial, she should be supposed capable of knowing the law that has been violated. By a fiction in this country, every body is supposed to know the existing laws to which he has virtually consented. This fiction, which is evidently untrue in innumerable cases where nobody conceives the criminal to have known the particular penalties to which he was exposing himself, is physically impossible in the present case, and this physical impossibility may perhaps be a technical bar. But of that I am not lawyer enough to judge. As a moralist I should be inclined to say that it is no bar. It is sufficient if the panel have known that she was doing that which was morally wrong, and if the punishment awarded be in proportion to the offence.

Here we pause, but we shall have occasion to return to this rich mine of interest and instruction for all the lovers of Mental Philosophy.

SOMNAMBULISM AND MURDER.—In the case of Tirrell, now on trial for the murder of Maria Bickford, at Boston, the novel defence of Somnambulism set up by his counsel, is exciting no little curiosity and sensation.

Mr. Merrill, in opening the case for the defence, states that his main ground of defence was, the prisoner at the bar was subject to fits of somnambulism from his youth, which shewed itself not only in harmless acts, but also in those which were violent, such as attacks upon his wife and other individuals while in this state. Many of these instances he named, and said he should prove. That although he should not admit the homicide here charged, yet he firmly believed before Heaven, that the prisoner at the bar was on that horrible night labouring under the effects of this disease. He also argued that this disease was connected, in some degree, with insanity. That he hoped the jury would weigh well the evidence that had already been produced before them, and also that which was about to be offered for their consideration, before they rendered a verdict which would subject the respondent to the awful penalty of death.

The examination of the witnesses for the defence was then commenced. The first witness was E. P. Hunt, but his testimony was not material.

Nabby Tirrell, mother of the prisoner, next testified—Albert was 22 years of age last February. Albert has been in the habit of getting up in his sleep, from the time when he was about five years old. The first instance I recollect was, that after I had put him to bed I left the house a short time, and when I came back he was gone. I searched the house in every direction, but could not find him. I found him at a neighbour's, some distance off. He was sound asleep when I left him. When I found him up so, I used to have to talk to him considerably, and shake him to wake him up. He was in the habit of making a strange noise when in this state, quite unusual. It was a distressed noise. I recollect other cases. Once when about 17, he got up, tore the curtain down, and broke the window, and cut his hand. I expect this awoke him. I have heard him up in the house frequently. He seemed exhausted when he came out of these fits. Sometimes he took precautions, himself, against such accidents, when in this state. He appeared faint when he came out of these spells. He used to keep lights burning after his brother left home, for fear that he should have fits. Don't know that he got up more than ten times between five years old and the present time. I have heard him make a noise in his sleep before he got up, and afterwards too.

Leonard B. Tirrell, brother to Albert, testified to this habit of rising in his sleep. Slept with him seven years. Got up as many as twelve times a year. Sometimes he would talk rationally, and sometimes not.

Emily Amelia Tirrell—Have known Albert in Weymouth, New Bedford, New York, Philadelphia, and Newport; I am no relation to him; my husband, Joel Tirrell, is a relation of his. I saw him in New Bedford walking in his sleep one night; he was in the entry, in his night-dress; a woman sang out that he was asleep; it was Maria Bickford; he made a strange, disagreeable noise.

The Boston papers state that several of the witnesses attempted to imitate the strange and unearthly noises made by

Tirrell when in the somnambulant state, which more resembled the whine of a home-sick dog than any thing from a human being.

We do not remember any thing in Dr. Beck's Medical Jurisprudence on this subject, nor is the work at hand to refer to; and we are disposed to think this extraordinary defence is entirely unprecedented in a court of law.—*New York Mirror*.

## BOOKSELLERS' CIRCULAR.

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### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

**JOURNALISM IN EGYPT.**—The prowess of journalism has at length penetrated to the very feet of the pyramids; and the Egyptian darkness which has hitherto prevailed, morally speaking, in the African continent, is about to be dispelled by the "mighty magic" of the printing-press and the peaceful arts of literature. We are serious. A real newspaper is already established at Grand Cairo—that city of the dead—and the first number, which appeared on the 1st ult. is now in our hands. It must not be expected, however, that the vernacular Coptic or the kindred Arabic puts forth its puzzling characters in the columns of the new journal. Far otherwise: the softest language of the south—the tongue of Dante and Ariosto, of Machiavelli and Alfieri—is the chosen vehicle for the communication of its ideas. It is entitled *Lo Spettatore Egiziano*, and purports to be a chronicle of the sciences, the arts, of commerce, literature, and trade. It will be published, for the present, twice in the month. The motto of the *Spettatore* (an Italian version of Horace's "*misce utile dulci*") has certainly been adhered to in the number now before us, which contains news both external and internal—an article on the climate of Egypt from a medical pen—a *feuilleton*—and some lengthy stanzas "to a star," in the *ottava rime* of Tasso and Ariosto. We subjoin a translation of the "*proemio*," or programme of the new journal:—"It is a fact visible to the least observing eye how wonderfully civilization in Egypt progresses under the wise and enlightened government of the reigning sovereign Mehemet Ali, of which we again had recent and not doubtful proofs on the occasion of the late festivities, when we were made to see the Orientals, forgetting their ancient customs, joining us and imitating our diversions, our ceremonies, and even our ideas. If the first boast of this marvellous metamorphosis be due to Mehemet Ali and his ministers, it is certain that the Europeans may claim some part of the honour, whether it be those who have come to Egypt, attracted thither for the purpose of assisting the viceroy in the great work of civilization, or those who, established here for their own interests, have clearly demonstrated to him its advantages by their own example. But if, thanks to him or to us, the people of the East continue to advance in the path of progress, it neither appears fitting nor decorous that we should remain stationary, and not rather endeavour to transplant amongst us those things which in the mother country are esteemed useful and necessary. And, truly, amongst these, journalism is not the least, which admirably serves, wheresoever it may be, to spread ideas, and the discoveries and the innovations of the various nations of the earth, and is the means by which that daily exchange of the produce of the mind is effected whence so much lustre accrues to our age. Nor could, perhaps, any country afford a better field than Egypt for new observations on all sides, if its European inhabitants would make public that which more or less comes every day under their notice. Nor will it be of any avail to tell us that such studies are not suitable to a commercial country, since we shall be able to reply that the three nations whose commerce is now the most extensive—England, France, and the United States—are the very ones in which journalism is most flourishing and universal. Penetrated by the truth of these reflections, we willingly prepare to undertake this difficult task, confiding in good comp-

lation rather than in the paucity of our knowledge, and in the assistance that we are assured of from some of the most erudite persons in the country, who promise to enrich our columns with their contributions. We therefore invite all those amongst the 'associates,' who may wish to favour us with their lucubrations to transmit them to our office, assured that their contributions shall be regularly inserted, as far as our space will permit. Relying on their generosity and on the sound judgment of the European colony, we therefore confidently look forward to a successful issue."

**HOW TO EVADE THE CENSORSHIP.**—The *Figaro* of Berlin, says a German journal, not wishing to get into trouble by the publication of a piece of scandal, lately inserted the following notice:—"A terrible piece of news for M—, director of —, is now in circulation. As we cannot publish it without danger to ourselves, and as the public ought, however, to be informed of its purport, we have given orders to our porter to relate, in all its details, the said intelligence to whatever persons may think fit to make inquiries. We pledge ourselves that the details are all correct." This article not having received the authorization of the censorship, the journal has been cited before the criminal tribunal. The person alluded to, however, had been already dismissed from office.

**A STATE PAPER, BY GEORGE CANNING.**—About a twelvemonth before his death, Canning announced to our ambassador at the Hague his determination to bring the Dutch Minister Falck to a more reasonable spirit of reciprocity in his tariffs by an imposition on our part of increased retaliatory duties. Our ambassador was in attendance at the Dutch Court when Canning's despatch was hastily put into his hand. It was in cipher, very short, and evidently very urgent. The poor ambassador had not the key of the cipher with him; and afterwards amusingly described the anxiety he underwent until he had reached home, and deciphered the following extraordinary state paper:—

In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch,  
Is giving too little, and asking too much;  
With equal advantage the French are content,  
So we'll clap on Dutch bottoms a twenty per cent.  
Twenty per cent.,  
Twenty per cent.,  
Nous frapperons Falck with twenty per cent.

GEORGE CANNING.

The *Frankfort Gazette des Postes* states that an unpublished work of Linnæus has been discovered in Sweden, after having been long sought in vain. It is entitled the *Nemesis Divina*. In this labour of the last years of his life the great naturalist recorded, for the instruction of his son, a number of observations and facts, deduced in a great measure from the private life of the persons with whom he was acquainted, in order to demonstrate that Divine justice punishes and rewards even in this world. The manuscript is composed of 203 sheets. In a short preface, placed at the head of the work, the author recommends in the most formal manner that it should never be published. It was this recommendation which, no doubt, caused the manuscript to be laid aside and forgotten. The University of Upsala purchased it a short time since at the sale of the library of a physician, whose father was employed to arrange the papers of Linnæus. At present, when the persons referred to in the work have ceased to exist, there remains no objection to print extracts from it; which M. Fries, a Swedish botanist, has been appointed by the Academy to prepare for publication.

English publishers are clever hands at spreading small quantities of matter over the widest possible space—witness the three-volume novels. But their Parisian brethren beat them all to nothing. "The Wandering Jew," "The Mysteries of Paris," "The Three Mousquetaires," and other popular tales of the day, evidence the superiority of the "spinning out" talents of the Parisians over those of the Cockneys. "Monte Christo," however, the romance of Alexandre Dumas, out-Herod's Herod—outstrips even the most extravagant things yet done. Originally intended to occupy twelve volumes, the ingenious publisher has spun it out to eighteen, by means of giving infinitesimally small doses of type to each page. In the first twelve volumes this process is carried on with some little regard to decency, but in the last six or seven it becomes really scandalous. Thus in the seventeenth volume, which I opened by hazard, there is one page,



the 303rd, thus occupied: "No, take it away." "But you will be without light." "I can see during the night." "That's like you." Another page, the 152nd: "You saw, then, that he was suffering?" said the count. "Yes," answered the young woman, "and I fear that he will be wearied in stopping with us." "I will amuse him," said the count. These are full pages, not commencements or endings of chapters. The pages containing the commencement of new chapters are even more economical of type. Witness the first chapter of the seventeenth volume: "Madame de Villefort raised her arms to heaven, and struck her hands convulsively one against the other." It is the same in the pages with terminations of chapters—see the third chapter: "And the *procureur* breathed more freely than he had done for a long time."—*Literary Gazette*.

**BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.**—The ninth report of the Board of Directors for 1845 is very gratifying. The following are among its paragraphs:—"The directors have fortunately been enabled, at each annual meeting since the institution was formed in 1837, to make a most favourable report to the members; indeed, nothing whatever has occurred to cause even a momentary check to its prosperity. While the success of the institution may have even exceeded the expectations of its promoters, the advantages and usefulness to be derived from it have become daily more apparent, and must fully realize the wishes of its most sanguine friends. The directors have felt it necessary to grant permanent assistance in another case, in addition to those mentioned in the last report, and to distribute among the aged and sick a somewhat larger sum than in former years, but a considerable surplus from the annual income has still been added to the permanent fund; and the directors have observed with much pleasure, that very few applications for assistance have been caused by the want of employment." A just tribute is paid to the great services of the honorary medical officers, and to the memory of the late Dr. James Johnson, one who had most assiduously performed the gratuitous duties of that invaluable undertaking. It then proceeds: "The directors look forward with perfect confidence that the permanent fund of 20,000*l.* will, in a very few years, be realized; upwards of 1,000*l.* having been added to it during the last year, and the amount already invested exceeding the sum of 15,000*l.* The happy establishment of the Retreat is next adverted to as a subject of congratulation; and a satisfactory statement of audited accounts concludes the paper.

The King of Prussia has ordered the creation of a Luther Museum in the capital, in which shall be assembled the numerous objects, the property of the State, relating to the Protestant chief, which are scattered throughout the kingdom; and the erection of an edifice, of Gothic architecture, and including a chapel, to be especially devoted to their reception. The rich collection of Lutheran curiosities belonging to Dr. Augustin, the head pastor of the cathedral of Halberstadt, has been purchased by the Government for the new Museum, at a cost of 22,000 thalers—3,520*l.*

It has been reported that Prince Puckler Muskau, the celebrated traveller and writer, is about to proceed to the dominions of Mehemet Ali, there to settle for the remainder of his life.

**STATUTE LAWS OF THE HAWAIIAN KINGDOM.**—Our press is now busy driving through an edition of 750 copies, in English, of the new laws; and, with the assistance of the Mission press, we shall have ready for issue at the same time, 1,500 of the Hawaiian.

Madame de Witt, of Hanover, has just completed, after twenty-two years' arduous labour, a globe of the moon, in which all the discoveries that have been made in the lunar planet are set forth with the minutest particularity. The globe has excited the admiration of the scientific world, and of the King and aristocracy. It has been purchased for the Royal Astronomical Society of London, so that you will have an opportunity of examining it.

The Sultan, at the request of Reschid Pacha, has authorized strangers to visit the Royal Library at Constantinople, in which there are a great number of Turkish, Arabic, Persian, and Armenian manuscripts. His Majesty has also ordered the establishment of a museum, which will be open to all persons interested in the arts and sciences.

## REGISTER OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From April 18 to April 25.

## NOTICE TO BOOKSELLERS.

A Register lies at THE CRITIC OFFICE, in which the Publishers of Books, Music, and Works of Art, in town and country, are requested to enter all new publications, with their sizes and prices, as soon as they appear. The weekly list will be regularly inserted in this department of THE CRITIC, and no charge will be made either for registration or for publication in THE CRITIC. Particulars forwarded by letter will be duly inserted.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Archæological Journal, Vol. II. 8vo. Vol. II. 11s. cl. gilt.—Abbotsford Edition of Waverley Novels, "Woodstock," and "Chronicles of the Cannongate," royal 8vo. 15s. each, cl.—Abel Massinger, or the Aëronaut, a Romance, by Thomas Tod Stoddart.
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GLEANINGS,  
ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

WATER IN NEW YORK.—The Croton River is brought to  
 the city of New York by an aqueduct 40 miles in length. It  
 is received into two reservoirs, one capable of containing 159

millions of imperial gallons, and the other 21 millions, at the  
 height of 115 feet above tide. There are 150 miles of mains, four  
 miles of which are three feet in diameter. The water is kept at  
 high pressure in all the streets, at all times, so that it is always  
 on, and the inhabitants have a constant supply night and day.  
 When the New York report was printed, only a short time had  
 elapsed since the opening of the works; but even then 6,000  
 houses and manufactories, out of 30,000, had taken the water at  
 an average rent of 14 dollars, which, of course, would decrease  
 as the number of consumers augmented. All who cannot pay  
 for water are supplied by public fountains and hydrants, of which  
 there were 600; and the number has now greatly increased.  
 "It is impossible to say how much water is supplied per annum,  
 as the hydrants and fountains are in constant use," and "the  
 water is used for all purposes." Fires are chiefly extinguished  
 by a hose attached to fire-plugs in the mains, the water being  
 thrown up by the head pressure; and since the Croton water was  
 introduced the losses by fire have diminished one-half, and in-  
 surance premiums have fallen 25 per cent. Philadelphia is sup-  
 plied on similar principles.—*Health of Towns' Advocate*.

A correspondent of the *Boston Atlas* tells the following story  
 of a fellow who applied to a magistrate in England, for a licence  
 to preach:—He was asked the usual question, "Can you read  
 and write?" "Neither," said the aspirant to pulpit honours.  
 "Then," asked the licenser, "how can you think of preaching?"  
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 'splains!"

WESTERN ELOQUENCE.—A stamp orator in the West uses  
 the following appropriate language: "If I'm elected to this  
 office, I will represent my constituents as the sea represents the  
 earth, or the night contrasts with the day. I will unrivet human  
 society, clean all its parts, and screw it together again. I will  
 correct all abuses, purge out all corruption, and go through the  
 enemies of our party like a rat through a new cheese. My chief  
 recommendations are, that at a public dinner given to —, I  
 ate more than any two men at the table;—at the late election I  
 put in three votes for the party;—I've just bought a new suit  
 of clothes that will do to wear to Congress, and I've got the hand-  
 somest sister in old Kentucky."

CLERICAL WIT.—"If we go to war, father," said a bright-  
 eyed boy the other day to his clerical parent, "from what part  
 of the Bible shall you take the text for a new sermon?"  
 The good minister being taken by surprise at the question,  
 thought a moment, and then smoothing the locks of the child  
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 that he will not have a clock in his house because it strikes.

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The circulation of the ART-UNION has, during the past year, averaged 5,000 monthly. It is distributed not only among artists generally, but extensively among those whose leisure enables them to cultivate the Arts as sources of intellectual enjoyment, and who seek to be made acquainted with all improvements in Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts, and their application to the Useful Arts and the Arts Decorative and Ornamental, in their several departments.

The ART-UNION is especially recommended to families in which the Arts are studied as sources of intellectual enjoyment. To the Student in Drawing it may prove a most desirable aid, and to Schools a very valuable auxiliary.

To all who are interested in Art—either as a profession or an intellectual luxury—the ART-UNION cannot fail to be an acquisition. Its leading conductor, although his connexion with Art has been long and intimate, is not an artist. His aim is to be at once just and generous; to divest criticism of confusing and cumbrous technicalities; to avoid prejudice and partisanship as the most dangerous of all evils; to maintain and prove the pre-eminence of British Art; and, by the exertion of continual energy and industry, to advance a profession which receives, and is worthy to receive, the highest veneration; in short, to supply to artists, amateurs, and connoisseurs, accurate and useful information upon all subjects in which they are interested, and to the public the means of justly ascertaining and estimating the progress of Art, both at home and abroad.

Each monthly Part of the ART-UNION is largely illustrated by Wood Engravings, describing the various subjects under consideration; these, for the most part, exhibit the progress of taste as applied to manufactures, and are suggestions for decoration and ornament; woodcuts, however, are frequently introduced, of portraits, popular pictures, and other objects of interest; while presented with each number is an Engraving on Steel, or an example of fine Lithography, the cost of which, separately, would greatly exceed that of the part in which it appears.

Part LXXXIX. of the ART-UNION, commencing the Eighth Annual Volume, was published on the 1st of January, 1846; and the occasion is suggested as convenient for new Subscribers, who may thus be enabled to complete the work during the ensuing year. Hitherto much inconvenience has arisen in consequence of the difficulty of obtaining "sets," several of the Parts having been "out of print."

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The ART-UNION Journal, as its name imports, was instituted mainly to enforce the necessity of union between the different branches of Art, and more particularly the intimate connection that exists between those Arts which have been regarded as entirely artistic, and those which have been deemed exclusively mechanical; the purpose being to shew that mind as well as hand is required in every branch of Decorative Art.

The publication, therefore, is recommended to the attention of persons interested in the cultivation of the arts of Decoration and Ornament—in the furnishing of houses with taste, elegance, and judgment; and in the introduction of improvements in designs for British manufactures—from articles of high importance to the most trifling matters in general use, articles may be made subservient to the judicious education of the eye and mind—a work in which every manufacturer is unconsciously taking an active part, and which he either advances or retards, more or less, by every article he multiplies and circulates among mankind.

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